

The GRAPHIC



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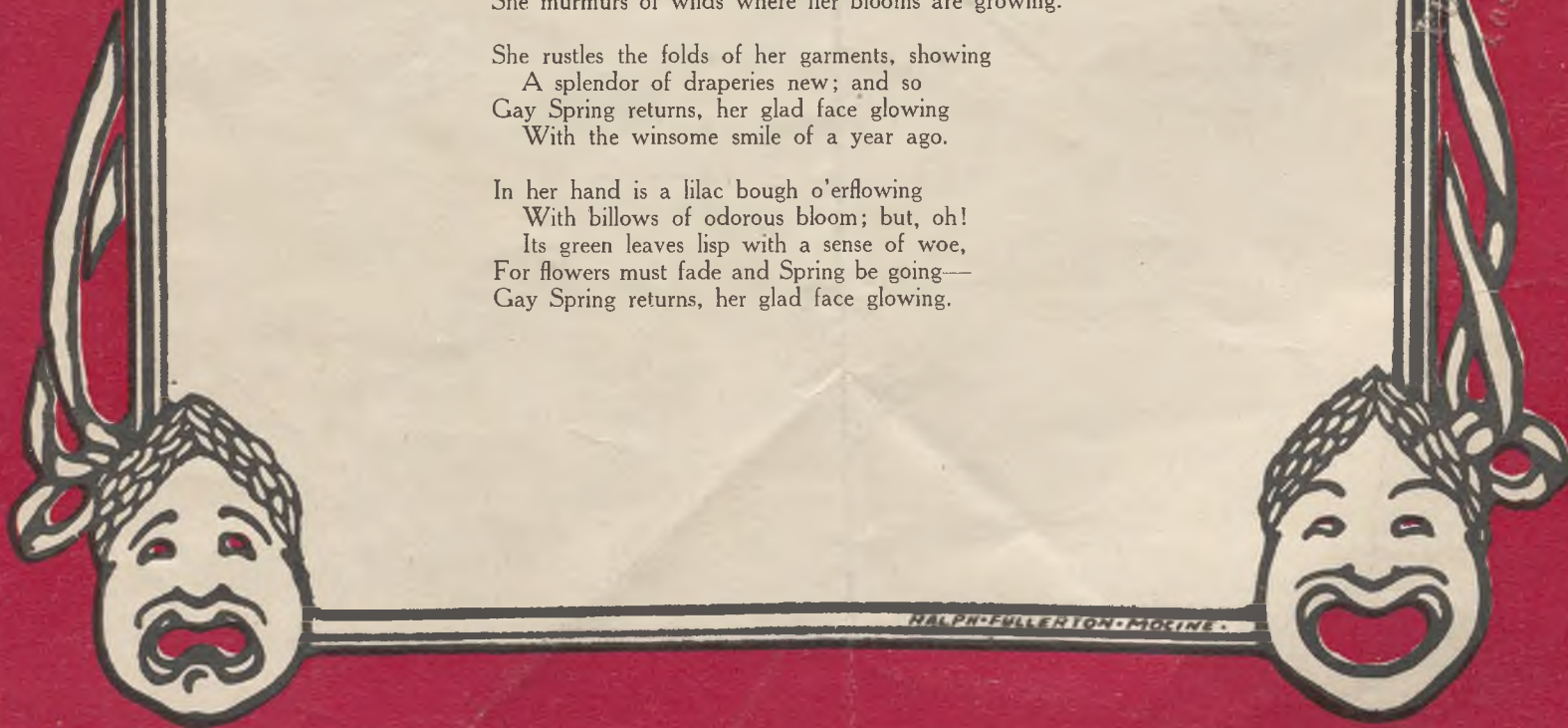
GAY SPRING RETURNS

By RAY CLARKE ROSE

Gay Spring returns, her glad face glowing
With the winsome smile of a year ago,
And again in accents sweet and low
She murmurs of wilds where her blooms are growing.

She rustles the folds of her garments, showing
A splendor of draperies new; and so
Gay Spring returns, her glad face glowing
With the winsome smile of a year ago.

In her hand is a lilac bough o'erflowing
With billows of odorous bloom; but, oh!
Its green leaves lisp with a sense of woe,
For flowers must fade and Spring be going—
Gay Spring returns, her glad face glowing.



By Our Admiring Friends

LOYAL and true are the readers of The Graphic. They do not always agree with the Editor's pronouncements, but they are convinced of his sincerity of purpose and they like that. Moreover, they enjoy the literary flavor of the special articles, chuckle over the free and easy comment contained in the By-The-Way department, dip into the art columns, keep in touch with the musicians of the city and what is doing in music, find in the dramatic columns intelligent and fearless criticisms, sane settings forth of what is of interest socially, have their interest whetted by the sprightly book reviews and gossip book notes, and gain an insight into local financial institutions, stock valuations and bond transactions. In brief, the ethical as well as the political and financial sides of life are illuminated and presented in a manner devoid of garishness and buncombe.

We want to enlarge our circle of readers and we hope to do it by enlisting the goodwill of the loyal family that believes in The Graphic and enjoys its weekly visits. We ask each member of our circle to pass the word along to his or her neighbor that no family can be really contented until it has subscribed for Los Angeles' high class weekly with its epitome of so much that is good and worth while in its 20 pages of carefully edited matter. Will our friends take the trouble to form this propagating society we suggest for the extension of good literature in unintentionally slighted homes? Evince your sympathetic interest in The Graphic and its conductor by becoming one of its promoting mediums. We desire to be advertised by our faithful friends.

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER,
Editor and Publisher.

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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



"INTO THE FIRMAMENT OF MEMORY"

NEW YORK was profoundly stirred Monday by the impressive ceremonies attendant upon the procession of flag-draped caskets bearing the seventeen bluejackets and marines who fell at the capture of Vera Cruz. As Mayor Mitchel feelingly remarked, "Nothing we can say or do can mitigate the sorrow of the stricken families, but to the American people the loyalty and sacrifice of these men give new inspiration. They gave their lives, not to war, but to the extension of peace." On one of the seventeen rumbling caissons on which the coffins rested the mayor laid a giant wreath of orchids and bay leaves. "The tribute of the city of New York" it was inscribed.

In this mute fashion the metropolis of the country spoke for the nation, which, mentally, is inspired to the highest patriotic endeavor by the spectacle presented. It is interesting to note from Secretary Daniels' speech that of the nineteen who answered the last roll call—two died at Vera Cruz after the Montana's departure—the oldest was 36 and the youngest 19. George Poinsett, the first to make the supreme contribution, was in his nineteenth year. As the President said, "All were of our blood—they were neither Irishmen, nor German, Frenchmen nor Hebrew. The American blood, which is not drawn from one country, one stock and one language, but from free men everywhere who have sent their sons and brothers and daughters to this country to make that great compounded nation consisting of all the sturdy elements, all the best elements, on the globe."

Nineteen stars have swung into the firmament of memory in the poetic and graphic manner in which the executive referred to the lads who paid the great price at Vera Cruz. Said the President: "We have gone to Mexico to serve mankind if we can find a way. We do not want to fight the Mexicans. We want to serve them if we can. A war of aggression is not a war in which it is a proud thing to die, but a war of service is one in which it is a proud thing to die. These men were of our blood and they proved it by showing that they were of our spirit—that no matter what their derivation, no matter what people they came from, they thought and wished and did the things that were American and the flag under which they served was the flag under which the blood of all mankind is united to make a free nation."

President Wilson with great feeling stated that he had never been in a battle, had never been under fire, but, said he, "I fancy there are some things just as hard to do as to go under fire. I fancy it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you as when they are shooting at you." There spoke the Lincoln in the man. In fact, his entire vein of talk

strongly suggests the utterances of the great emancipator when under poignant stress. He also was wounded in the heart by the baneful words of his detractors. Like him, Mr. Wilson continues to go about his duty with regard to his fellow men no matter whether there are hisses or cheers. It is inspiring to all true Americans to find the President declaring "The cheers of the moment are not what a man ought to think about, but the verdict of his conscience and the consciences of mankind." This tribute to those who have done their duty "so quietly and so nobly" recalls the beautiful language of James Russell Lowell in his masterly Commemoration Ode:

I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who returned not, say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.

WHY NOT CAMINETTI AND DIGGS?

STILL flirting with fate Anthony Caminetti, commissioner-general of immigration, is reported to have changed his mind again—perhaps with ambitious domestic assistance—and now thinks he will run for governor of California on the Democratic ticket. This news should profoundly stir the state. That Caminetti will get every Japanese and Hindu vote, not heretofore pledged to Hiram Johnson, is certain. That braw Scotch laddie, Archie Campbell of San Luis Obispo, the recently-chosen chairman of the Democratic state central committee, is to be Caminetti's running mate for the lieutenant-governorship, it is announced.

But why Campbell? With the recent acquittal of Maury I. Diggs at San Francisco why not keep the dual family names, so recently advertised, well to the front? Why not give us a ticket headed by Caminetti and Diggs? Of course, our proposed candidate for lieutenant-governor is not yet entirely footloose, so to say. There is still another little affair to be adjusted that may put him out of the running for two years, less good allowance time, but for that matter one of the Caminetti family is also hampered by legal technicalities that may prove a handicap to the parental campaign. We could almost have wished that the elder Caminetti had restrained his impatience to serve his adopted state as its chief executive until these annoying differences had been settled.

There are those who may think that the notoriety appertaining to the Caminetti-Diggs escapades will deter timid voters from indorsing the ticket that the commissioner-general of immigration would head, but in this enlightened age such reluctance, surely, is misplaced. Publicity is what the average politician craves and the columns of advertising given the two names we suggest as leading the Democrats to victory are not to be lightly disregarded. With a firm belief in the magnetic qualities of the ticket we present for the consideration of the masses at the primary next August we nail the colors of Caminetti and Diggs to the masthead.

FREDERICKS' CANDIDACY AND OTHERS

WHILE hesitation waits upon Captain J. D. Fredericks there is no dearth of candidates for the Republican nomination for governor in other directions. Latest of the many to announce themselves as Barkises is former State Senator William C. Ralston, later United States sub-treasurer at San Francisco, while another tentative candidate not yet in the open is State Treasurer E. D. Roberts of San Bernardino, whose affiliation with the Johnson administration, however, precludes the notion that he

will enter the race in opposition to the governor. Meanwhile, the esteemed San Diego Union, having seen the futility of espousing Needham's cause has substituted Captain Fredericks as its choice of candidates.

Logically, Fredericks should prove a stronger candidate than Ralston because of geographical location. This is the year when the southern part of the state should be entitled to the governorship. It is sixteen years since Mr. Henry T. Gage was nominated and in the interim three governors have been selected from the north, which is now asking a second term for Johnson. It is not a fair distribution of the honors and is a fit subject of protest. The majority Republican vote lies south of the Tehachapi and inasmuch as the United States senatorship is conceded to the north, vice Perkins, the governorship should come south. There is hardly room for controversy in this attitude. It is generally acknowledged to be a logical sequence.

With the self-elimination of Dr. Norman Bridge Captain Fredericks looms large as the strongest tentative candidate yet suggested although we are not oblivious of the weak points in his armor. If he is named his friends must have a care to repress too strong an indorsement of him by the Los Angeles Times, whose espousal of his cause will cost the candidate thousands of votes. Nobody cognizant of what has happened in Los Angeles of late can be blind to the fact that the Times' chief influence is of a negative quality. Unlucky that candidate or that cause indorsed by the Times; it is a fatal support. For this good reason we shall hope if Captain Fredericks decides to run and is nominated that he labor with the Times' management to keep off the grass if he is to land a winner.

STATE UNIVERSITY'S FAUX PAS

WITH no little amazement we learn that the superintendent of the Los Angeles water works, Mr. William Mulholland, is to have the degree of doctor of philosophy conferred upon him by the University of California. Doubtless, the board of trustees means well, but the incongruity of awarding the highest scholarship degree to one who is not a scholar, and who makes no pretensions to book learning, is so apparent that the action borders closely on the burlesque. If it is sought to honor Mulholland for work performed deserving of academic recognition then an honorary degree would be in order, but why, O, why the degree of doctor of philosophy to one whose written reports so painfully reveal his lack of educational advantages?

This is said not in disparagement of the sturdy, self-taught, chief engineer of the aqueduct system, but with a due regard for the proprieties. The degree of civil engineer would be eminently fitting and one that the recipient might proudly take to his bosom, but the highest-scholarship degree is so inappropriate that its bestowal is akin to farce. The argument is advanced that Mr. Mulholland has achieved that which is far greater than mere scholarship. All right, then give to Caesar that which is Caesar's—the highest recognition his line of work invites. If it is greater than any scholarly attainment why belittle it in the manner announced? There is a feeling that a well-meaning but ill-advised member of the board of trustees, wishing to pay Mr. Mulholland a compliment, has made an effort to do so, but, alas, has not wholly succeeded. The University of California should not deal in inconsistencies; not only is it reflecting on itself, but it is cruelly unkind when the opposite is intended.

We shall hope that the aqueduct itself will warrant all the good things said about it by those who have

already profited so materially by the undertaking. Doubtless, the city of Los Angeles will be repaid, one day, for the heavy burden of debt the enterprise has entailed, but that day seem. yet far distant and the extent of expenditure by no means reached. If the Owens River aqueduct system shall prove beneficial and Los Angeles' finances stand the strain, for all that Mr. Mulholland has done, insofar as the engineering features of the work are concerned, he will be deserving of the warmest approbation for his honesty of purpose, but not, surely not, at this or any stage, of the degree of doctor of philosophy from the state or any other university.

TAKING STOCK OF THE COST

HAVING added to the water-power aqueduct bonded indebtedness a matter of \$6,500,000, making the total approved issue \$41,000,000, whose interest-bearing accretion will add \$2,000,000 more to the principal annually, the colossal obligation gets measurably nearer the \$50,000,000 mark we placed as the minimum expenditure before any income would be realized. That the few millions intervening between the amount already authorized and largely spent will have to be added to the principal in order to complete the distribution scheme is certain, and always, in the background, lurks the sinister probability that the conduit must be extended sixty miles north from the present intake to the head of the Owens river valley, prior rights in the pure side-streams acquired and the Fred Eaton reservoir site purchased.

This will prove expensive, adding fifteen or twenty millions to the present investment. It will have to be deferred, necessarily, because of the limit set on the bonded indebtedness, but there will come a day when the perfection of the system will compel such a course. Meanwhile, the tax rate continues to increase and the burden gets heavier. The bonding craze is in the municipal blood and it will have its way. Real estate dealers find the reflex in a paucity of investors, the era of economic waste through duplication of plants causing the most optimistic believer in Los Angeles' future to be chary of taking undue chances. So long as the voter with little or nothing to lose by adding to the city's indebtedness is able to overcome the negation of the conservatives, who must foot the bills, the outlook will continue dubious.

We are aware that the advocates of the bonds voted last week quoted Mr. Mulholland as saying that their ratification would insure an income of \$1,300,000 annually, but we cannot forget that it was he who told the people that by the time they had spent \$23,000,000 on the aqueduct it would be self-supporting. Twenty millions have been added and still no income. Doubtless, the chief engineer of the aqueduct believed what he said eight years ago. He may be as egregiously mistaken now as he was then.

COAST CHAMPION ANSWERS LIFE

REPLYING to the clever railery of Mr. Edward Martin in Life our esteemed contemporary, the Oakland Enquirer, admits having grossly offended "against the synoptic rules of the grammarians" in having written "The East Don't Understand Us," but asserts that "Language with us is a vehicle. We do not so much care for the grammatical side varnish as for the gear. We do not use it to see ourselves reflected therein. If it will reach the heights and depths of our rugged thought, stand the varying temperatures, and make time like our feminine vote, she'll do." It is naively insinuated that "in a hoss trade, or on the stump, we might have got away with it."

Quite so. But what is permissible in a "hoss" trade is scarcely *au fait* in the editorial columns, and although our easy-going contemporary confesses to more or less contempt for the form, so long as it supplies the substance, we respectfully protest that form or style is what gives charm to the written word, attracting that reader, even, who may totally disagree with the substance. It is with regret that we note this disregard for the niceties of the English language, voiced by the Enquirer. It is a sacred

heritage, to be jealously guarded and transmitted to the masses in as complete purity as the painstaking editor can bestow and to find one of the craft disprizing what he should zealously maintain jars.

However, it is refreshing and comforting to find that Mr. Martin's pleasantries, contained in his article, "What Is the Matter with the Pacific Coast?" in no whit disturbs the editor of the Enquirer, whose neological announcement challenged the editor of Life. In our Oakland contemporary the thrusts of the New York critic reach no vulnerable spot. Oblivious alike to gentle sarcasm and subtler satire the champion of the coast continues his jactitations unabashed by the irony of the hypercritical. Like our old friend, James FitzJames, he metaphorically rubs his spine against the Golden Gate and to Mr. Martin exclaims: "We of the coast, are Americans to the backbone, we are fearless and competent; alike indifferent to flattery or denunciations," and, must it be added, to the established rules of syntax, alas?

PERVERTING CHAUCERIAN ENGLISH

PASADENA is unusually fortunate in having so talented a body of ministers occupying local pulpits; it is a liberal education to sit beneath almost any one of the number, wholly aside from ethical considerations. No matter the denomination the discourse is sure to be cultured, thoughtful, informing and inspirational in its nature, a delight to the lover of good English, a solace to the tempest-tossed soul, a balm to the weary and heavy-laden. In one of the home churches yesterday the erudite preacher, taking for his topic the home, in deference to "mothers' day," deprecated the gradual perversion in this country of the good old adjective "homely" from its original meaning in the days of Chaucer. Thus, in "Patience Grissel":

"God speed," quoth he, "thou famous flower,
Fair mistress of this homely bower."

"Homely" was synonymous with homelike in early English, a definition still extant across the Atlantic. But on this side usage has wholly changed its meaning. It is now a term of reproach, a reflection upon personal attributes as, for example, a "homely face," i.e., a face devoid of beauty, plain to the point of ugliness. Always, the meaning was the reverse of elegant, but from its application to domesticity, signifying plain-living or simplicity in the household, it has been Americanized into a different channel so that the once-beautiful atmosphere of the word is dissipated. "The homeliest woman in the world" is Americana for the "ugliest" woman or the ugliest man. Lowell gives to the word its original meaning in commenting on Emerson's essays. In his "Study Windows" he is found saying: "A diction so rich and so homely as his I know not where to match in these days of writing by the page; it is like homespun cloth-of-gold." We thank the esteemed pastor for his support of a good old English word. The pulpit and the press should work hand in hand in an effort to restore perverted English to its original meaning.

RAISING OF EMBARGO LOGICAL COURSE

AFTER Tampico, what? Will the United States recognize the belligerency of the Constitutionalists and remove the embargo on munitions of war is the question that is agitating the leaders opposing the Huerta government. If Carranza had been more discreet there probably never would have been a rescission of the order, but the foolish statements attributed to him, following the investment of Vera Cruz, although promptly negated by Villa's ringing protestations of friendship, coupled with his vows of vengeance against Huerta, impelled the authorities at Washington to take no chances. That President Wilson is satisfied there will be no guns turned on the United States by the Constitutionalists is apparent; he believes the solution of the Huerta difficulty rests with the so-called rebels and that through them the removal of the dictator will be effected.

Following this to its logical conclusion it is reasonable to suppose that with the capture of the important port of Tampico the Constitutionalists will

be given that formal recognition so long craved, carrying with it the right to import arms and ammunition, deprivation of which would seriously retard the one object the administration at Washington has at heart—the elimination of Huerta. It is, therefore, a logical conclusion that no insuperable obstacle will interpose to prevent a consummation so devoutly to be wished. If Villa and his associate generals do not turn the trick the United States must, eventually, so why not give them all the assistance in our power? We have everything to gain since our fighting forces are relieved of active operations through the Villa proxies.

Unquestionably, the moral effect of the taking of Tampico will largely aid Villa in his operations against the federals, while in inverse ratio it must seriously handicap Huerta. Thousands of recruits will swell Villa's forces to take part in the projected march on Mexico City, to arm and equip which is the problem to be solved only by the raising of the embargo. With escape of the fleeing federals from Tampico regarded as improbable, the railroad along the line of retreat to San Luis Potosi being held by the Constitutionalists, and Mazatlan on the west coast likely to yield to the rebel attack any day all northern Mexico, constituting more than one-half of the republic, may be said to have passed into control of the Constitutionalists. The "federal" army is likely to be found deserting *en bloc* to the rising colors of the rebels once the belligerency of the latter is recognized.

BANAL "DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES"

POSSIBLY, the Republican party in California will be strengthened by the "declaration of principles" adopted at the "great Republican gathering" in Los Angeles Thursday, which, according to opposition reports, did not fill a medium-sized hall, but to the citizen who places national honor before party politics the "principles" enunciated do not make strong appeal. A son of a former vice-president of the United States is reported to have offered the resolution denouncing "the President's disgraceful surrender to our country's rights in the canal." This rank doctrine is said to have been unanimously indorsed—more shame to those who believe in the repeal of the subsidy measure yet remained silent. This repudiation of a treaty, this flouting of a sound, economic measure was prefaced by the statement that "the Republican party represents today, as it always has represented, the *soundest and most wholesome* principles of government."

Subsidizing the coastwise shipping monopoly may be regarded as "wholesome" from the viewpoint of party politics, but to characterize it as "sound" is to insult the intelligence of the Republican rank-and-file. To the contrary, it is decidedly unsound, economically, since it taxes the many to benefit the few. The preamble to the resolution indorsing tolls exemption states that "what is ours we can freely use." Very well, then what is ours in Alaska, to wit, the government railroad, about to be built by moneys appropriated out of the national treasury, may be freely used by the farmers, the miners, the manufacturers, the merchants of the territory—without cost to them. Why not? The railroad is "ours." Of course, a deficit will result which the people who built the railroad must restore through additional tax, but that is also true of the Panama canal. The coastwise shipping will increase its dividends to stockholders at the expense of the people who built and paid for the canal and the \$2,000,000 annual deficit in receipts, needed for upkeep, which free tolls incurs, must be met by the people.

If the Republican leaders are of a mind to regard so one-sided a proposition as "sound and wholesome" then, heaven help the party! No political organization can long survive, let alone make headway, that is so unregardful of the economic laws and of the rights of the masses. But there is another side to the question. Having guaranteed equality of treatment to the vessels of all nations using the canal what "Knowland" balderdash to term a "disgraceful surrender of our country's rights" when we at-

tempt to live up to the terms of our specific agreement! Is it equality that charges the coastwise vessels of Canada \$1.20 a ton and gives free passage to American coastwise vessels? As a business venture fair tolls should be paid by all users of the canal, otherwise it becomes a heavy burden on a generous people whose liberality has made the canal possible. Discriminate, as the state Republican "principle" enunciates, and we invite the certain retaliation of the Dominion government at the Soo and through her canals elsewhere, so largely used by American vessels on an entire equality with Canadian ships.

Nice "wholesome" business this for a political party to be fostering. If it is intended as an appeal to the prejudices of the people of California what a reflection on their good sense and their patriotism! We can understand the buncombe about the tariff; the party is still wedded to protection, but it will not attract the masses, the consumers, by denouncing an economic principle that is in the interests of the many. Not that way lies Republican rehabilitation. Nor will it gain recruits by styling President Wilson "arrogant" and the administration lacking in ability in constructive statesmanship. With the object lessons of tariff revision, the new currency reform measure, the income tax and the Alaskan railroad bill to its credit it is folly to seek to decry Democratic party performances in the last twelvemonth. Altogether, the "declaration of principles" is a sad disappointment to those Republicans who are truly progressive in their manner of thinking. They cannot show great enthusiasm for a state ticket that is handicapped by so banal an outgiving as the Thursday "declaration" reveals.

OUR NAVY AND OTHERS

DEBATING the proposed further increase of the navy by constructing two first-class battleships Representative Witherspoon of Mississippi brought out the curious fact that except at Puget Sound there is no single navy yard on either coast where a badly wounded battleship could put in for repairs. He urged that it was far wiser to increase the power and efficiency of the navy by remedying so palpable a weakness than by forcing useless battleships on the country at a tremendous expense. Mr. Padgett of Tennessee, chairman of the house committee on naval affairs, defended the bill and in doing so called attention to a few facts. He said that in 1910 the American navy, by all the authorities in the world, was classed as second in efficiency and in fighting power. In 1914, it is classed by every naval authority in the world as number three, much behind Germany.

What were the conditions in 1910? Great Britain had but a short time prior to that date reduced her appropriation for new construction from \$66,000,000 a year to \$57,000,000 and was contemplating still further economy, while the expenditures of all other naval powers outside the United States showed no practical increase over previous years. In the next two years Great Britain still further reduced her new construction to \$44,000,000, Russia fell off, France was similarly thrifty and the United States particularly so. But in 1913 note the difference: Great Britain jumped her appropriation for new construction to \$81,000,000—almost double; Russia more than doubled, appropriating \$50,000,000; Germany authorized \$55,000,000, a big increase, and France added \$24,000,000, her construction bill reaching \$45,000,000. Nor have the expenditures halted. For 1914-15 England's estimate is \$89,412,000; Germany, Russia, and France have followed suit in proportion and the United States is now debating whether or not to spend \$36,000,000 for new construction or \$53,000,000 less than England, \$30,000,000 less than Russia, \$13,000,000 less than Germany and \$16,000,000 under France. Mr. Padgett made the point that theories are beautiful, but facts must make the stronger appeal.

It is interesting to note the radical changes made in the government construction of battleships in the last ten years. Prior to 1903, when the first battleship was built in the Brooklyn navy yard, it had been customary for private contractors to take about three

years to build battleships, as in the case of the Georgia and the Nebraska, and they were seldom completed within contract time, which was usually exceeded by six or eight months. As compared to this, the Connecticut, built by the government in 1903-4, was launched in sixteen months after the keel was laid. This is an important consideration in the construction of modern battleships, considering the fact that a ship is out of date in less than ten years and practically useless in twenty years. Representative Maher of New York is authority for the statement that a battleship costing \$15,000,000 would depreciate at that rate about a million dollars a year. It is now predicted that a battleship can be built at a navy yard in about ten months and at much less cost than formerly. According to Secretary Daniels the government-built ship is the best, as shown by the fact that less repair work is needed on it.

CALIFORNIA POET'S HONOR ASPERSED

RECURRENCE of the old charge is made by the Winnipeg (Canada) Telegram that the late Robert Cameron Rogers of Santa Barbara was not the author of "The Rosary," included by him in his volume of poems entitled "The Wind in the Clearing." With great circumstantiality of detail it is told how the alleged real author, Frederick George Winter, an Englishman, composed the poem twenty years ago, for his sweetheart, sending her one copy and keeping the other in a tiny note book which he inadvertently left under the rim of his plate in a London restaurant, its loss being discovered too late to redeem his property. Returning in 1911 from a prolonged sojourn in South Africa he first heard the words of his lost poem sung by a stranger in a Brighton drawing room and was amazed to find them credited to Mr. Rogers, the music to Ethelbert Nevin.

Mr. Winter states that he attempted to get in touch with Mr. Rogers, but the death of the California poet ended all explanation in that direction. It is a curious story. Mr. Rogers was living for more than a year after Mr. Winter returned from South Africa and in that time no reflection on his right to the poem reached California. His "Wind in the Clearing and Other Poems" was published in 1895, so that for six years "The Rosary" went unchallenged. Meanwhile, the royalties on the sale of "The Rosary"—not "My Rosary"—must have been large and if Mr. Winter is in position to prove his right to authorship he has a good case against the Rogers estate, but although three years have elapsed since he "discovered" the rape of his poem he appears to have made no legal effort to seek pecuniary redress.

Frankly, Mr. Winter's claim is not impressive. Mr. Rogers was the author of many delicate bits of poetic fancy. His "Dancing Faun," "Sleeping Priestess of Aphrodite," "Virgil's Tomb" and other exquisite little classics reveal the true poet and render it unlikely that one so rich in his own right would unlawfully appropriate the sentimental bit of slush to which Nevin's soulful music has given such popularity. But all doubts can easily be set at rest by Mrs. Rogers, the widow of the poet, who, we dare say is well able to refute the aspersions thus cast upon her dead husband's honor. Not that we believe it is necessary for her to do so, however.

ROOSEVELT'S TOLLS ATTITUDE TABBED

INTERVIEWED at Para, Brazil, in regard to the free tolls controversy Colonel Roosevelt, as was expected, espoused the uneconomic subsidy plan, but his arguments are no more convincing than are those of the Knowland type of patriot who is found exclaiming for free passage "or 'our ships,'" in which the people who are invited to foot the bills own not so much as a marlin spike. Says the colonel: "We are asked to surrender our rights in a canal we built with our money, with the efforts of our citizens, which is the greatest engineering feat of all ages, so that, forsooth, some other nation may play on our behalf the game we are too weak to play ourselves. Such a plea is sheer nonsense."

What rights are we asked to surrender? Not the right of collecting the tolls nor yet the privilege of

maintaining the canal. Even if we have the legal right to exempt the coastwise traffic can the returned explorer give one good reason why we should exercise it? We have spent nearly \$400,000,000 to build the canal and its upkeep will demand the expenditure of about \$20,000,000 annually. For every free passage given, the people, already so heavily mulcted, must make restitution to the national treasury, thereby taxing themselves twice that a private interest may reap still larger profits. Perhaps, that accords with Colonel Roosevelt's notion of even-handed justice, but it is unsound in principle and repugnant in practice, since it taxes the many to benefit the few.

However, it is a doctrine not unexpected in Mr. Roosevelt's direction for we cannot forget that in seven long years no word of protest went from him to congress in demand of revision downward of the excessive high tariffs under which the consumers groaned. The principle of taxing them for the benefit of the shipping trust is no whit different than that of compelling them to pay for the added profits that high duties unfairly awarded the unduly protected manufacturer. Since he approved that form of "prosperity" why should he be found taking an opposite viewpoint now? Can a leopard change his spots or a high protectionist abandon his fetish? We could have written the Para interview had with the colonel long before he emerged from the Amazon wilds and not had to change a line so far as the arguments are concerned. Why then should his attitude so profoundly stir Washington? It is the expected that has happened. It is the seven years of tariff silence exemplified.

COMMENDABLE NEW STATUTE

DEEP interest attaches to the decision reached by Judge Morrison of the superior court in the first civil action under the new law to compel the responsible father to provide for his illegitimate children. In the case at issue the putative father sought to evade responsibility by gross prevarication. In this he was checkmated by Judge Taft of the juvenile court who testified that at the defendant's former trial, when an effort was made to declare the twins dependent children, the man had made certain allegations which his testimony before Judge Morrison flatly contradicted. The evidence was so convincing that the trial judge doubtless concluded that if the witness lied in one particular he would not hesitate to perjure himself in every other way so found for the plaintiff.

It is good law and a just verdict. The man is obligated to pay the sum of twenty-five dollars a month for the support of his two offspring until they are ten years of age and after that thirty dollars a month until they are fifteen, when he is released from further provision for them. It is a decision that ought to stand any appeal for it is founded in equity and common sense. If the law were not on the statute books, the one primarily responsible for the advent of these two little helpless boys would escape all responsibility and the poor, erring girl, his partner, not so guilty as he, would pay all the penalty. Always, the woman has had to bear the brunt of the misfortune, as well as the pain and the descent to death's door; now, a beneficent law intervenes to compel the man to make what restitution he may for his sinning. Kipling, in his inimitable "Tomlinson," tells us

The wrong that ye do by two and two
Ye must pay for one by one.

Heretofore, only one and that, the weaker, has had to pay in this world, at least, for the wrong-doing of the nature coming under Judge Morrison's ken. Now, thanks to a wholesome law, the stronger and the better able must share in the penalization—the paying of the piper. Moreover, it is sound law because in assessing the individual the community is not mulcted, as in the past, for what so often becomes a public care. The California legislature not always has performed admirably, but in this instance it has no occasion to be ashamed of what it has placed on the statute books.

Playing and Living---Three Schnitzler Bits---By Randolph Bartlett

It is interesting to note how much of the modern drama reads as if it had been suggested directly by that stanza from "Geraint and Enid" wherein Tennyson crystallized much of the philosophy of his "Idylls of the King":

O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here, through the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!

Thus hatred of sham had its birth in the nineteenth century, being a healthy outgrowth of reaction from the formalism of the eighteenth, and formed the foundation for the revolutionary tendencies which the twentieth inherits direct from Tennyson the poet, Dickens the novelist and Carlyle the philosopher-historian. These three voiced in clearest tones the cry for light and truth, which was the prevailing passion of their time; today, we are beginning to see the light and know the truth because the desire of the race has found fruition. The idols are falling, and many of the most valiant blows are being dealt by the dramatists. Among them, in the foremost rank, is Arthur Schnitzler. While he ever falls short of the miracle that his greatest admirers expect from him, whose genius seems wasted unless it produce a miracle, yet has he done much to suggest to the world the necessity for defining clearly the border line between life and play.

It was in this spirit that he conceived "The Fairy Tale"—the drama of fine ideals that would not translate into action. In a measure it is likewise the motif of "Anatol"—the laughter of the gods at the man who thinks he is living for pleasure. More keenly than in either, though, is it the essence of the three one-act plays which make up a volume now available to English readers, "The Green Cockatoo," "The Mate" and "Paracelsus." In three contrasted settings, Paris at the fall of the Bastille, Vienna today, and Basle in the sixteenth century, Schnitzler shows that human nature is much the same, happy in self-deception, content not to dig too deep into the facts so long as the vision is serene.

"The Green Cockatoo" is subtitled, "A grotesque in one act." The distinction is keen. Prosper, formerly a theatrical manager, has become host of the Tavern of the Green Cockatoo, where he entertains the decadent French nobility by insulting them. His former actors and actresses, decent people all, garb themselves as thieves, murderers and wantons, regale the visitors with tales of crimes which never were committed and assume a licentiousness which provides even the profligate nobles with new sensations. The Reign of Terror has not yet begun. Prosper is quite in sympathy with the revolutionary party, but he has too much of the time-server about him to join the cause openly until he is certain which side will win. His position is unique in its strategic perfection. If the people are victorious he can recall the manner in which he has insulted the aristocrats to their teeth; if the royalists are victorious he can refer to the lords and ladies he has entertained for recommendation. The characters are thumbnail etchings. In the short space of his play Schnitzler has created nearly two dozen distinctive roles, each with a peculiar value of its own. I shall touch only the principal ones:

Henri, the leading actor of this strange theater, has married a notorious beauty, Leocadie, and begins idealizing her. The game of self-deception is on. The enamored bridegroom sees even the features of his beloved changing under the beneficent condition of marriage with him. They are going to live in the country, away from the noise—and far from all reminders of Leocadie's past. This is to be the last night. For this occasion Henri informs Prosper he has conceived a masterpiece of crime to recount to the titled audience. He waxes enthusiastic about his own talent and the display he will make of it. Leocadie has an engagement at a real theater and he takes her there. The noblemen arrive, and are called "swine" and other pet names by Prosper, and their speedy downfall predicted, while the insulted persons applaud the rough humor. The Duc de Cadignan is singled out for the choicest epithets, apparently, deserving them literally.

The duke leaves for a short time, and another party of aristocrats arrive, the Marquis de Lansac, his wife Severine, and Rollin, a poet. There is here a passage of subtle humor, in which a youth from the country, seeing the obvious immorality of Severine and the poet, is bewildered by the effort of trying to distinguish between them and those who are merely playing at license. Finally, after much byplay, Henri, the star actor, appears and informs

the company that he has just killed a man for making love to his newly-acquired wife. Even the actors themselves are impressed as he leads up to the story of the slaying, which he tells, with growing excitement, and tense pauses, thus:

I escorted her . . . to the theater . . . today was to be the last time . . . I kissed her . . . at the door . . . and she went to her dressing-room . . . and I went off like a man who has nothing to fear. But when I had gone a hundred yards, I began . . . to have within me—do you understand?—a terrible unrest . . . and it was as though something forced me to turn round . . . and I turned round and went back. But once there I felt ashamed and went again . . . and again I walked a hundred yards away from the theater . . . and then something gripped me again I went back. Her scene was at an end—she hasn't got much to do, she just stands a while on the stage half naked—and then she has finished. I stood in front of her dressing-room, put my ear to the door, and heard whispers. I could not make out a word . . . the whispering ceased . . . I pushed open the door . . . (he roars like a lion) it was the Duke de Cadignan, and I murdered him.

Even Prosper, intense admirer that he is of Henri's histrionic art, believes that he has not been acting, but has told the truth. At this point there comes news that the Bastille has fallen, and that the people have overthrown the monarchy. The streets are overrun with mobs. The noble audience is terror-stricken, and the entertainers now make it clear that while outwardly their attitude is the same as before, the difference lies in the fact that now the joke is over, and when they say "swine" they mean just what they say. Prosper informs Henri that he has nothing to fear from merely having murdered a duke, as the people of Paris now will protect him. Moreover, Prosper assures him, it was common knowledge that the Duke had been intimate with Leocadie. This information startles Henri, who thereupon declares that his story was all acting. The duke appears on the scene. Mark the difference between the tame incident as it transpires in life, and Henri's gripping imaginary story:

VOICES: The Duke!
DUKE: Well, well, what is it?
PROSPER: Is it a ghost?
DUKE: Not that I know of. Let me through!
ROLLIN: What won't we wager that it is all arranged! The fellows yonder belong to Prosper's troupe. Bravo, Prosper! This is a real success.
DUKE: What is it? Is the playing still going on here, while outside . . . but don't you know what manner of things are taking place outside? I have seen Delaunay's head carried past on a pole. Nay, why do you look like that? (Steps down.) Henri—

FRANCOIS: Guard yourself from Henri.
(Henri rushes like a madman on the duke and plunges a sword into his neck.)

It is really quite a tame affair beside Henri's picturesque account of how it did not happen. The other nobles fly and actors and citizens join in the cry of "Vive la Liberte! Vive Henri!"

"The Mate" is a fragment of an intensely Latin nature. The normal western mind cannot conceive the situation as a possible reality. Professor Robert Pilgram, a scientist, rather elderly, is found the evening after his wife's funeral. It is shown that he knew only a year or so of happy married life, his wife being twenty years his junior. Then she developed an affair with his assistant, Dr. Hausmann, which he pretended not to see. He realized that he had done wrong in marrying so young a woman, and blinked at the intrigue. He idealized the relations of his assistant and his wife, until he was almost self-deceived into being happy over it. Now, his wife has just died suddenly, and the assistant, absent on a vacation, arrives, loud in protestations of sympathy, finally stumbling around to an announcement of his engagement to a young woman whom he has been visiting. Pilgram snatches at a straw of hope. This is a new, sudden attachment? No, there has been an understanding for several years. Shaken with anger and humiliation, Pilgram tells Hausmann he knows of the latter's relations with his wife in this time he was planning to marry another woman, and orders him from the house. Turning to a confidant he remarks that it is well that the woman died before she knew the truth, but even this comfort is not left him. In order that he may not nurse a false grief, the confidant assures him that his wife understood precisely, all the time, just what she and Hausmann meant to each other. The learned scientist had built a stately palace of love on a heap of human offal. Sounds like De Maupassant with a headache.

From these pieces, with the taint of sex aberration

about their focal points, we turn with joy to "Paracelsus," another one-act play, in the blank verse of the renaissance, a fitting vehicle, since the action transpires in the solid German town of Basle in the sixteenth century. The motive character is the famous character, Theophrastus Bombastus of Hohenheim, better known as Paracelsus. The other principles are Cyprian, an armorer, Justina, his wife, Cecilia, her sister, and Anselm, a youth who has been making love to Justina while pretending to pay court to her sister. Anselm is conceited, complacent. Justina is a bit of a flirt, and many years before sought in marriage by Paracelsus. The latter, in his wanderings as a mountebank, physician and philosopher, returns to Basle, and Anselm takes him to his home. The armorer taunts the mystic with not being able to prove the skill of which he boasts. Paracelsus answers by hypnotizing Justina, and, having an inkling of the situation, imparts to her the suggestion that she has been false to her husband with the youth Anselm. He then wakens her, she takes one look at her husband, shrieks, and rushes from the room. The hypnotist explains to the husband, and then betrays his animus. He is jealous of Cyprian's possession of such a prize, and says:

I wish
From you to take her, yet to no one give her.
Pure shall she bide—for you alone besmirched.

Complications arise when Paracelsus begins to believe that perhaps the thing he suggested to Justina may have been the truth, and again the borderland between the play and life grows obscure:

JUSTIN: I was alone
I the summer-house—and thou wert in the tavern.
PARA: Wert never there?
Cyprian: What man hath never been?
JUSTINA: And then he came—and took me by the hand—And kissed me—and did speak such fiery words—And then—and then—O Cyprian, forgive!
CYPRIAN: Naught is there to forgive! Thou dream'st!
PARA: (Meaningly) Who knows?
CYPRIAN: You know 't as I do!
PARA: Is she not a woman?
Anselm a man? Is there no summer-house?
CYPRIAN: You—say—
PARA: And if it verily were the truth that I have simply shaken from her heart?
CYPRIAN: Why, you gave her the madness, yet you doubt?
PARA: I am a wizard merely—she's a woman!
CYPRIAN: You make me mad.
PARA: Who will vouchsafe to us
To know if this, her dream, was not as well her life?
CYPRIAN: You think, Justine—
PARA: (To himself) Doth the ironic flood
Of mine own magic close over mine head?
And the dividing limits, e'en for me,
Run into one another?

Finally, convinced of Justina's innocence the magician removes the suggestion he has implanted in her mind and substitutes therefor one that she shall tell nothing but the truth until sundown. Thereupon, come revelations even more astonishing. The untrue was disconcerting; the truth scarcely less so. Justina informs her husband and the others, that had Anselm, who announces that he is that day to leave the city, but remained another day and continued his suit, he, doubtless, would have succeeded in luring her from the paths of rectitude. Now, however, she is glad to see him go, for, as she says:

A peaceful bliss,
Although not over-ardent, still's the best.

For Paracelsus her bit of truth revelation is that when he left the city, after she was betrothed to Cyprian, she still thought her whole world was going to pieces, and that she would have made him welcome if he had appeared. There is a neat phrase for this situation too:

Who knows how many windows in the city
Open each night for one who never comes?

Finally, for Cyprian, the moral is to be a little less the conceited owner of his wife, and a little more the lover, not taking too much for granted. The play itself, as well as the entire volume, is epitomized by Paracelsus:

It was a play! What were it otherwise?
What is not play we ply upon this earth,
How'er so great and so profound it seems?
For one will play with hordes of soldiers wild,
Another plays with superstition mad,
Some one perchance with suns and planets—
I play with human souls. And he alone
Will find a sense who seeks one.
Of others naught we know, naught of ourselves.
We ever play; who knows it, he is wise.

Here then we have still another example of the fine craftsmanship of the brilliant Austrian dramatist, still more evidence that he may be expected to

produce something great and enduring, and still the feeling that he is merely toying with his genius will persist. Thus far the trial of the sex aberration is over everything he has written, excepting his dramatic pamphlet, "Professor Berhardi," and until he emancipates his really big ideas from this thrall of Paris and Vienna he will not make great progress with America.

("The Green Cockatoo" and other plays. By Arthur Schnitzler. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

SUFFRAGE DAY EXERCISES IN NEW YORK

LAST Saturday was celebrated in New York as Suffrage Day. The parade that has been a feature for several years was omitted and many of us felt like the small boy who, after waiting expectantly for a long time, stopped a leading suffragist with, "Lady, ain't there going to be no parade?" and as she shook her head, continued, "Ain't that too bad?" However, the day was a triumph in many respects. Seven organizations joined in the demonstration. From Washington Square they dispersed in automobiles to the various spots from which speakers were to address the assembled crowds—Washington Square, Madison Square, Rutgers Square, Wall street, Columbus Circle, Grant's Tomb, Central Park, Carnegie Hall, and various colleges. There was no disorder, and the crowds listened attentively to the speakers. Throughout the city the proceedings were marked with unusual dignity and responsive enthusiasm from the assembled crowds. A big mass meeting that crowded Carnegie hall to its limit closed the celebration. The nearest approach to a sensation came at this meeting. Mayor Mitchel, the first mayor to give official recognition to the suffragists by his presence at a rally, welcomed the visiting delegates in a five minute speech.

* * *

Although the mayor by his progressive policy seems to be on the high road to a new reform era in New York, he was by no means tactful in his address and it makes one wonder if already he has his eye on further political preferment and is beginning to shuffle his cards accordingly. It will be a pity if this prove true for he has a chance to go down in history as the most progressive mayor New York has known. To spoil it for the sake of other honors will look like sacrificing the greater for the lesser. He said in part: "It is one of the privileges of the mayor to extend an official welcome to delegates of important business and social conventions held in the city. The welcome I extend to you tonight is grateful duty. New York is not an equal suffrage state but many of us here are convinced that New York is second to no state in its recognition of the rights of women and the importance of women's participation in its public affairs. I myself am convinced that women do not require the suffrage to achieve an entrance into public life. Suffrage for women is a question that men will decide according to the demands of women. When enough women want it and want it enough they will get it. Until then my experience does not lead me to believe they will suffer materially for the lack of it. Whatever the outcome of the suffrage movement it is the trend of affairs today to bring women forward to positions of influence in public and social matters. It was my privilege to take the first radical step in this direction. For a woman to be appointed the head of a great city department now seems natural; four months ago it was revolutionary. Society and government progress under the stimulus of leaders of ideas and vision. If women undertake our great social problems with strength and courage they are bound to take the leadership of affairs and no opposition of men will keep them out of the world's work."

* * *

The effect of this was noticeable, for at the conclusion of the address there were only a few scattered hand clasps, whereas the recognition of Mayor Mitchel's appearance on the platform was in the nature of an ovation as the entire audience rose and cheered him standing. Mrs. Blatch, the chairman of the meeting, remarked that with the exception of its reference to the appointment of Dr. Katharine Davis, commissioner of correction, the mayor's address sounded as if he had been born a hundred years ago. She did not herself answer it, she left that to Miss Josephine Casey, who represented the working women on the platform. In the course of her remarks Miss Casey said that "keeping the ballot from the working girl is like keeping a life preserver from a drowning person on the theory that a perfect lady ought to sit in the lifeboat even when there isn't any lifeboat." She might have added that the remarks of the mayor were not very convincing in the face of the fact that recently he vetoed the equal pay bill that affected the salaries of 10,000 women teachers, thus forcing them to continue at the same unfair rate of wages while at the same time he signed a similar bill, affecting male teachers. He would hardly have done this if the women had been voters. By his own practice he has vitiated

his remarks. In its editorial comment on the doings of the day one big New York daily that has never been over friendly to the movement, though of late it has taken to reporting what is done in a spirit of fairness, made a comment that one would think both untactful and unwise, seeing that human beings are what they are. After congratulating the suffragists on the propitious weather and on their dignified celebration of the day, the editor hopes for the good of womenkind and the peace of the republic that the woman suffrage movement will stay just where it is for many years to come, and added: "There is a rising generation of suffragists who ought to be able to look forward to their share of agreeable and lady-like agitation and relief from the boredom of social and domestic life."

* * *

Use of the word ladylike in this sentence with the context suggests a slur on the women whose accomplishment has just been commended. And to a few hotheads it might be just the taunt that would precipitate a tendency to militantism if they were so inclined. But women suffragists have resisted other slurs and will resist this. And as for the reiteration of the dictum that we have heard so often now that we have ceased to chafe at it "when enough women want to vote and want it enough, they will get it"—the only thing we wonder at is how in the face of the winning of the vote in the west where the proportion of women wanting it is presumably no greater than it is here, but where conditions against which they struggled were more favorable the users can help seeing the fallacy and rejecting it in favor of something not quite so time-worn.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, May 8, 1914.

GRAPHITES

When Zaragossa fled he left the oil tanks briskly blazing,
And O, the springing that he did was rapid and amazing;
He couldn't stop to put them out, to save the owners' pelf,
You see, he was in burning haste and was put out himself.

Former President C. S. Mellen of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad told the interstate commerce commission that railroad certificates bought by him from "persons of influence" for \$1,200,000 are now worth about ten cents a pound. The story of the looting of the road intrusted to his care promises to be one of the most sensational revelations in the history of railroad manipulation in the United States. Wall street was the inspiring evil genius.

Orderly Parks, half crazed by a doped cigarette, wandered into General Maas' camp and was ruthlessly shot, is the report. Contrast that treatment with the consideration accorded the Mexican woman "sniper" by General Funston who ordered her released after she had been adjudged guilty. It is the difference between semi-savagery and civilization.

As we surmised, Colonel Roosevelt's announcement of the discovery of a new river in Brazil has stirred up the geographers of Great Britain who are skeptical as to the "newness" of the find. The least they can do is to withhold adverse criticism until the colonel gets within retaliatory distance.

It was an ice pick, not a dining car biscuit that the cook on a Southern Pacific diner used on the hold-up man with potent effect. Chagrined by the episode the train robber tried to commit suicide. His spirit along with his skull was badly bruised.

Probably, the report to the effect that Huerta is about to dash through to the west coast en route to San Francisco is based on the dictator's anxiety to select a site for Mexico's exhibit at the exposition grounds. Such solicitude is pardonable.

British ministers (political) are sadly harried these days by the militant haridians that make life a burden to them. "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness," that is, if there are no militants lurking in the tall grass.

Canada is after the tipping nuisance hot-foot. The Ottawa legislature is regarding favorably a bill making the giving or taking of a tip punishable by a fine of \$100. O, you Pullman porters!

San Francisco's exposition midway has been officially christened "El Camino." Thus the midway, by arbitrary action, is transformed into the highway. Doubtless, it will attract many pilgrims.

All that remains to be said of the cereal manufacturer who committed suicide today is the post-obit: "He went out and slammed the door!"

By the Way



Fruitlands Again Escapes

For the fifth time in six months, Fruitlands has voted against annexation by Los Angeles. Before this issue of The Graphic goes to press another election may be called, with the boundaries of the election district twisted so as to leave out a few of those known to be opposed to annexation, and to include a few others amenable to "reason." I understand that John Eugene Fishburn, who is president of the Laguna ranch company, the concern that has done most to protect the territory against the proposed encroachment, has his fighting blood up, and there will be "something doing" if another election is called. Meantime, my offer to publish in full any explanation of the series of elections that the annexation commission of Los Angeles will furnish, still stands, not yet having accepted. Also, there are several other points concerning which I shall be glad to enlighten the public, if the annexation body and the newspapers involved will furnish the data, namely: Who was responsible for the presence of a certain reverend gentleman at the Fruitlands polls, from whom the election officials took orders? Who was responsible for the action of a deputy sheriff who intimidated a woman who was working against annexation, by carrying voters to the polls in her automobile, the officers menacingly telling her she "had better go home?" Why did no Los Angeles daily newspaper contain any announcement of the election before it was held, and no report of the result afterward? Did all the city hall reporters unanimously overlook the news item, did the bureau in charge of the election withhold the information, or did the newspapers refuse to publish the items after they were turned in by the reporters? Why was the official notice of election again published clear across the city, in a South Pasadena semi-weekly paper, instead of in the Huntington Park paper which is printed in the adjoining community? There are many other queer things about this Fruitlands affair that I would be interested in hearing explained, but these will do for the present. Speak up, gentlemen. The columns of The Graphic are at your disposal without charge.

Fine Week for the Ghouls

With three of the loveliest murder trials going all at one time, this is a fine week for the ghouls. You cannot blame the newspapers for printing the guff, slush and goo, about Lillian Palmer and her "live baby doll," as an imaginative sob sister christened her baby and imputed the remark to the unfortunate girl-mother, for there is a great demand for that sort of thing. Primarily, the yellow journals are to blame for having created this demand in the first place, but whatever the cause the condition remains, and there is profit in pandering to it. Sensitive folk have a week or two of constant shudders ahead.

Illegitimates and the New Law

While all right thinking people are heartily in favor of the new law requiring fathers to provide for the support of their illegitimate children, which was brought into action in Judge Morrison's court this week for the first time, the courts cannot be too careful in trying suits coming under this statute. The success of one mother in obtaining justice may set half a dozen blackmailers on the track of innocent men. I hope the history of the "contributing to delinquency" trials of last year will not be repeated, but when we read an interview with one of these plaintiffs in which high-sounding phrases are put into her mouth, and notice that the picture accompanying the text was posed by this young woman sitting on a fire hydrant with her skirt drawn up to her knees, we have our doubts.

Suggestion of Militant Justice

Judge Grant Jackson is acquiring a reputation for adapting common sense to justice, that is worth watching. A recent story of an incident in his court suggests that this comparatively new judge is a man with a future. An attorney who was taking an appeal from a judgment in Judge Jackson's court, desired to include in his brief certain statements criticizing the conduct of the court, and with a desire to see how far he might go without being haled up for

contempt, he asked the judge's permission to write these points into the document. "Before I was on the bench," the judge replied, "I used to think that a judge should be no more immune from criticism than any other man. I still think so. If a judge is wronged he has the same recourse as a private citizen, and no other. If a man lies about me, I have two options—I can take off my coat and lick him, or I can sue him for slander. Now, go as far as you like." Point is added to the story by the fact that Judge Jackson has a well-knit figure turning the scale around two hundred.

Shriners Register First Failure

Apparently, there was a concerted movement in the Shrine conclave in Atlanta to break the winning streak of the California delegation. Time after time, when the Shriners from the coast have gone out to land anything, they have succeeded. Whether it was an office, or an Imperial Conclave, or what not, they have been the best "getters" in the entire organization. Consequently, there is not hard feeling over the fact that they did not achieve the coup in having the 1915 conclave held in San Francisco. Doubtless, there was a feeling that San Francisco will be visited by all who go to the sessions in Seattle in any event, as this will be largely a matter of railway routing.

I Indulge in an Unwonted Luxury

This week I have indulged myself in the unwonted luxury—one might almost call it a dissipation—of agreeing with General Otis. I hardly expect it to become a habit, to the extent of inducing mental gout, but it is a distinctly agreeable sensation, "for once in a way." The General wrote a letter in a symposium collected by the University of Kansas, at Lawrence, for the College of Journalism in connection with the National Newspaper Conference, in which he assails the idea of licensing newspaper writers. He says: "All citizens must be left free to 'break into' the newspaper business and succeed or fail therein, according to their respective abilities, or lack of the same, their good or bad motives, and their power to impress or disgust their fellow citizens while in the act of gaily swinging around on the 'editorial tripod' with pen in hand." If we license reporters and editors, certainly we would have to take the same action with respect to ministers, painters, school teachers, lecturers, photographers, and almost every other calling imaginable.

Suggestions For More Degrees

Now that the precedent has been established of conferring upon a man a degree for which he is unfitted, why stop there? Let us go down the line and give Bill Mulholland company in being "ridiculed by degrees." Hogan, the baseball rowdy, we would make a D. D. (doctor of deportment); Supervisor Norton surely should have a distinction, so let it be D. P. (doctor of placidity); I am surprised that Hearst has not yet been honored by any institution of learning, so I nominate him for D. M. (doctor of modesty); so throughout our list of notables. Why should Bill Mulholland be made to suffer alone?

Bispham in Vaudeville

It is a fine thing for vaudeville to get an artist like David Bispham for an attraction but it is not always so fine for those who really have a keen admiration for the artist or who are sensitive to adverse conditions. At the Orpheum Monday evening two women obviously disapproved the elevation of vaudeville as represented by the great singer, and from the beginning of his allotted time began to make this disapproval known to all within hearing distance. They did not believe he ever had been an opera singer or why was he in vaudeville now? They agreed that the reason he sang in English was because he did not know any other language. And this from the sort of people for whom Bispham was slashing at the false gods of foreign words for American audiences! The display of ignorance was amusing, but for many in the fourth, fifth and sixth rows that evening, the Bispham art was almost ruined.

High Cost of Publication

I wonder if the economies which rumor says are to be put into effect on the Examiner, will go down to the composing room. It is common gossip in mechanical circles that the Examiner cost of composition is the highest in the city, \$11 a page, the Record being lowest at a little more than half that much. One can understand why so brilliant a journal requires the services of editorial experts who can be obtained only by paying the highest salaries. Minds which can keep so perfectly in rapport with other editorial minds on other Hearst newspapers that they think the same comments upon letters from the great white chief, ("not intended for publication") are not to be picked up for nothing. But it would appear to the lay mind that linotype opera-

tors, printers and engravers should be procurable at market rates. If Mr. Hearst thinks this is an unwarranted prying into his private affairs, I would refer him to the defense used by his reporters when they are accused similarly.

More About Baseball

I have received from an ardent baseball "fan" a letter approving my remarks about the inability of the Los Angeles sporting writers to find anything wrong with the local teams until after the season is over when the public has finished paying the freight, and gate receipts cannot possibly be injured by adverse criticism. My correspondent appends proof that the sport editors of the city not only are blind to the shortcomings of the teams, but are inaccurate in their tabulations of baseball statistics. Following are the figures given by the three papers of the standings of the various teams, taken from the issues of Thursday morning, and the "fan" asks, "How is a fellow going to know which is right?"

American League:				
Paper	Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Times	Cleveland	8	14	364
Examiner	Cleveland	9	14	391
Examiner	Washington	10	11	476
Tribune	Washington	10	10	500
Examiner	Chicago	11	14	440
Tribune	Chicago	10	14	417
National League:				
Times	New York	9	6	571
Examiner	New York	9	6	667
Tribune	New York	9	6	660
Times	Brooklyn	9	7	573
Examiner	Brooklyn	19	7	593
Tribune	Brooklyn	9	6	600
Examiner	Philadelphia	9	7	563
Tribune	Philadelphia	9	6	600
Federal League:				
Times	Kansas City	9	15	375
Examiner	Kansas City	9	16	330
Tribune	Kansas City	9	14	391

There is considerable more of the table, but these samples are sufficient. The discrepancies between the various papers include everything from differences as to the number of games played, to calculations of percentages from the same data. In reply to the anxious inquiry, I can only say "Keep your own books."

Wreckers Have no Easy Task

Wrecking crews which have been accustomed to feel a building almost melt away beneath the blows of pick and sledge, almost bounced back when they attacked the old postoffice building at Seventh and Grand. They had forgotten that this was no one-story shack of a "ratepayer," but in days gone by—more than fifteen years ago—was the power house of the Los Angeles Railway Company, and of the solidest construction. In razing the structure to make way for the Robinson store, the building has to be taken apart almost brick by brick, and the only redeeming feature is that the material is as good as new, and will repay the toil required to remove it. I suspect that much of the foundation will be utilized for the new Robinson store.

Fine Bit of Satire

From the "answers to card game inquiries" in the New York Sun I have added to my collection of brilliant bits of satire. A correspondent cites a case in which a whist player, having trumped a certain suite twice, finds the hand incomplete, and discovers under the table a missing card of the suit trumped. Being asked for a ruling the expert says: "The player is responsible for all revokes, just as if the missing-card had not been in her hand all the time." The italics are mine.

Another "Globe" Rumor

There is a rumor in circulation that if Caminetti is elected governor, Democratic interests will launch the long projected Los Angeles Globe, for the purpose of building up a permanent party organization in this part of the state. This is the first anyone has heard of the Globe in many months. Possibly it will be the last. Certainly, if its existence is dependent upon the election of Caminetti there is slight hope that those who have invested in stock-subscriptions will ever get any return for their outlay.

Dramas, Ideas and Collier's Weekly

Collier's Weekly addresses a brief editorial to "Oliver Morosco and other managers," criticizing the announcement that Hartley Manners proposes to expand a certain successful vaudeville sketch he has written into a three-act play for his wife, Laurette Taylor. I have no knowledge of the nature of the sketch in question; neither does Collier's pretend any familiarity therewith. The criticism is based purely

upon the expansion of a tabloid into a full play. I wonder if Collier's is unaware that one of the most successful, and intensely human of American plays, "The Chorus Lady," was first a short story, then a somewhat longer vaudeville act, and finally a four-act comedy. Given a basic idea of worth, the form of expression depends entirely upon the ability of the artist. In its fundamentals it may be expressed in a newspaper paragraph. Developed slightly it may become an essay or a short story. With all its facets polished it may blossom into drama or novel. Carried out to its conclusion, with all the infinite detail which surrounds every idea put into action, it may become a "Comedie Humaine." I would suggest to Collier's Weekly that the task of criticizing an art work which is complete is a sufficient responsibility, without undertaking to anticipate what a given artist may do with a given idea.

Sample Ballot Did Not Match

Out in the Wilshire district there is a young woman who tells a good story at her own expense, concerning her first vote, which was cast against the power bonds. She had received a sample ballot and made a careful study of it, so that she would be able to do her duty at the polls. She went to the voting place, signed the book, and was given a little slip of green paper. She hesitated, and then asked, "Where is the ballot?" "That is it, in your hand," the clerk informed her. "But the sample ballot was green," protested the fair tyro. A smile went around the table where the election officials sat. "I'm sorry, miss, but we cannot match the sample. Anything else today?" said one, mimicking the most approved ribbon counter manner, and the young woman, realizing the joke, laughed with the rest, and voted.

War's Alarums at Santa Paula

At Santa Paula, I am told, there is a school at which a large proportion of the pupils is of Mexican birth, with many of the students well along in their teens. The teacher in this school is a young woman of stalwart frame. When the fleet was sent to Vera Cruz the Mexican children began to be restive, and muttered dire threats of going back to Mexico to "fight the cursed gringos." After a few days this worked on the nerves of the teacher, until one day she decided upon drastic measures. Lining up the entire school she stood in front of the pupils, waved a United States flag, and ordered all hands to sing "The Star Spangled Banner," and she saw to it that every one of them sang. Then she felt better, and there were no more bellicose rumors in that school.

Another Spanish School Incident

Another incident of a school room in which Mexican children were the principal part of the population happened in Los Angeles. Noon recess arrived, and as the teacher was eating her luncheon she heard a great commotion among the little Mexican girls. There were wails, accusations, passionate denunciations. "Come, come, children, what is the matter?" the teacher demanded. "Pepita has my lo-onch" wailed a little brown damsel. "Teacher, eet ees not so. I have my own lo-onch, but Concepcion, she has the lo-onch of Maria Sanchez." This from the accused Pepita. Then Concepcion: "Teacher, please, come look, and I will show you. Eet ees my own lo-onch I have." Then the teacher, addressing the last speaker: "What had you in your lunch?" The answer was a chorus: "Torillas and frijoles." Truly, a task for a mediation commission to settle.

Merely an Error in Make-up

Last Saturday the Herald quoted my comments on the silly self-praise of the Express, but in making up the form the printer apparently dropped off two or three lines of the article. I cannot otherwise explain why the reproduction did not include the remark with which I ended the paragraph: "It is as insane as things General Otis does, though not quite so silly as the antics of William Randolph Hearst." Of course, it may be that, while we all know Hearst does not own the Herald, its proprietor, Guy Barham may be anxious not to offend the friend of long standing, who, as the "editor and publisher" gravely informed us not long ago, had given Mr. Barham the benefit of his long experience. Still, I think Mr. Barham should have quoted me entire.

Under the Mask of Reformers

What happens or does not happen to Fruitlands is of little importance to Los Angeles. But what shall we say of the probability of men who are responsible for such manipulations, making good their professions of being true reformers? That is a matter of considerable importance to Los Angeles, their bond-servant.

"After you, Gen. Zaragossa," as Gen. Gonzales politely remarked when he occupied Tampico.

Music

By W. F. Gates

There was a certain feeling of gloom pervading the recital of the Flonzaley quartet at the Auditorium, Saturday afternoon, and perhaps it was fitting that a good proportion of the music played by the quartet was of a somber character. For this—insofar as now is known—was the swan song of the Auditorium stage as the local home of the best music. For just seven and a half years this house has been the mecca of music in Los Angeles. Now it becomes the monster of movies. The Flonzaley quartet played the Beethoven quartet, op. 18, part of the Schubert D minor, and single movements from Reger, Tschalkowsky, Borodine and Glaznow. Also a sonata for violins and cello by Leclair, a French composer who lived in the century preceding that assigned by the dates on the program, and who was murdered in 1764—whether as a result of his compositions the biographical notice does not say. Most interesting of the program was the Beethoven quartet and of the modern numbers the Reger scherzo. The latter was as modern as the Flonzaleys felt they could safely try on Los Angeles. They kept the Schonberg music for San Francisco and so we had to postpone our hearing of the cubist composer who is rasping the nerves of Germany and England.

That wonderful work of the Flonzaley quartet is a whole sermon on doing one thing only, and doing that thing well. These four men have played together for nearly eleven years. They do not play solos or appear outside of the quartet connection. They placed the Flonzaley name at the head of chamber music organizations. Students together under Caesar Thomson, in Brussels, they were inspired by the same mind with the same ideals. Possibly, there is no other just such an organization in the world, though there may be three or four on the same level, the Kneisel quartet alone in this country. Said a young woman, "How nicely they keep together." Yes, as a matter of fact, they do keep together, and nicely, too! And that little "keeping together" is the secret of their success. Each man prefers to be one-fourth of a great quartet than to be all of just himself. They "keep together" in study, in life, in organization, in ideals, in style, in sentiment, in nuance—another sermon, if you please, on musical cooperation. Yet it is not one that the majority of us can apply, except in a limited way. Musical study seems to breed individualism—at times, even conceit. That is the reason good accompanists are rare—the individual will not subordinate himself. It is John Smith first and music afterward. But there are places for all, soloists and accompanists, and the latter will get his full praise from the musically educated.

Guests of artistic ability were numerous at the May dinner of the Gamut Club last Wednesday night. L. E. Behymer, vice president, was in the chair in the absence of President Blanchard. In the course of the evening, the following artists were heard in musical numbers: Mrs. Helen Thorner, contralto, of Indianapolis, Lucy M. Van de Mark, soprano, of Oakland, and Margaret McKee, warbler; readings were given by Miss Wilcox ("Mme. Butterfly"), and Fay C. Crow. Members of the Flonzaley quartet were the special

guests of honor and Messrs. Betti, Pochon and d'Archambault each presented his compliments to the club in response to its hearty reception. Carlo Marchetti, promoter of the Los Angeles grand opera project, spoke of his interests in that direction and of his coming trip to Europe for artists, and Sigmund Beel spoke of the aims of the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra, of which he is the able concert master. Orpheus tri-quartet under J. P. Dupuy sang at various points of the program, without announcement. The pianists of the evening were May Orcutt Brooke and Will Garroway, pianist of the Orpheus Club. Among the other guests were Dr. Thorner, of Indianapolis, Mr. and Mrs. Hume, Alfreda Verwoert, of the Redpath Bureau, Chicago, John Burns, the marine painter, and Hector Alliot, dramatic critic of the Times, who spoke entertainingly of the perils of a critical position on a newspaper. For more than three hours the large assembly enjoyed its menu of edibles with vocal and instrumental sauce, being one of the pleasantest of recent Gamut Club affairs.

Santa Fe railroad gets a good deal of its talent for its entertainment courses in Los Angeles. This summer the following will dispense music along the Santa Fe system: Blanche Hennion-Robinson, pianist; Frederick McPherson, baritone; Florence Simpkins, soprano; Maud Gilbert, contralto; John Stockman, tenor; Dwight Defty, 'cello; Blanche Ebert, accompanist; Frieda Peycke, pianologist, and G. Benkert, violinist, and the glee club of the University of Southern California law school, Leroy Jepson, director.

Showing how the west is developing in musical taste, the California dates of the Flonzaley quartet may be cited. A few years ago this distinguished organization could not have procured more than a few audiences in the state, possibly only in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland. Their engagements the current two weeks are as follows: Pasadena, Monday, May 4; Fresno, Tuesday; Gamut Club, Los Angeles, Wednesday; San Diego, Thursday; Redlands, Friday, Los Angeles Auditorium, Saturday; Santa Barbara, Monday, May 11; San Jose, Tuesday; Berkeley, Wednesday; San Francisco, Thursday, and Sacramento, Friday. This illustrates the thoroughness with which artists coming into this territory can be dated, providing they are of the high standard of artistic excellence evinced by the Flonzaley quartet. On the other hand, organizations of mediocre ability have hard sledding here, as elsewhere, in fact harder, for the bulk of the California public which attends such affairs has enjoyed the best artistic advantages of the East.

New choir of Trinity Church includes the following solo talent: Eleanor Lloyd Smith, soprano; Mrs. Carl Johnson, contralto; Vincent Clay, tenor, Leroy Daniels, bass. Mrs. Leroy Daniels is the organist and Eugene Davis conductor.

Friday night of last week, there was given at the Ebell club house a program by advanced pupils of Mrs. E. S. Shank, Edwin H. Clark and J. A. Anderson. Mrs. Shank presented Florence Mead, Lucile Atwater and Mrs. Laurie Johnson, sopranos. Miss Mead sang "Lo, the Gentle Lark," by Bishop, in a voice that was delightfully fresh and clear. She was accompanied in the

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flute obligato by her father, W. H. Mead, who has been the main reliance for sopranos needing flute obligatos in Los Angeles for twenty years. Mr. Clark's representative was Morris Steffoff, a lad of about seventeen, who played the Sarasate "Gypsy Life" with a technic and spirit that was unusual. He seems rarely temperamental and has present abilities that argue well for his future prospects. His name is to be added to the roll of promising violin talent in Los Angeles. Mr. Anderson's pupils were Mary Martin and Anna Zacek. Miss Martin's selections were less on the bravura style, but were played with more surety. Miss Zacek played three Liszt numbers that required a large technic, and which showed she has acquired no small amount of digital skill. Miss Moore, Mr. Clark, Mr. Mead and Mrs. Menasco assisted in accompaniments and obligatos.

If you had played the same instrument daily for more than fifty years and then in an instant had seen it dashed to a hundred pieces, would you not have shed tears, just as a father over a murdered babe? Then you can appreciate something of the grief which overwhelmed "Papa" Bierlich when his beloved violincello was smashed to a hundred and fifty pieces by a speeding motorcyclist. Mr. Bierlich cared nothing for his own injuries, but life hardly seemed worth living to the old gentleman for a while. But those many pieces were gathered up lovingly and placed in the hands of an expert in the firm of Baxter and Northrup and after weeks of patient fitting of pieces and splinters, now the 'cello is restored to its loving owner. Back in the sixties, Mr. Bierlich took this 'cello to a repairer in Paris, who on looking at it said, "I repaired this 'cello many years ago," and on examination of the fragments here a few weeks ago, there was the repairer's name, thirty years before Bierlich's visit to him. A good memory that, to identify an instrument after thirty years.

Morton F. Mason has been elected dean of the local Guild of Organists; Percy Shaul-Hallet, sub-dean; Vernon Howell, secretary; E. B. Gowan, treasurer; Dr. Morris Turk, chaplain; Sibley Pease, librarian; executive committee, Ernest Douglas, Dr. R. B. Mixsell and W. F. Skeele.

In past years, Los Angeles has not been derelict in furnishing her proportion of musical prodigies and several of them have taken no mean place in the musical life of the country, notably Olga Steeb, Edna Darch, Paloma Schramm and Jaime Overton; and now it adds to its list a solidly-built youngster of fifteen, Alfred Wallen-

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stein, who bids fair to do on his violoncello what the others have done on piano and on violin. Young Wallenstein was "discovered," so to speak, by Grace Freeby, herself a young pianist and composer, and she has taken a great interest in directing his progress along safe paths. He plays the heavier violoncello numbers with aplomb and disregard, or rather conquest, of difficulties which evince genius for hard work, if no other kind. Such numbers as the Golterman concerto, the Boellman "Theme and Variations" and works of that grade he plays with a musical feeling that is surprisingly interesting and which would do credit to one twice his years. Wallenstein is just "plain boy," not spoiled by the applause that has been given his local appearances nor by the flattery ladled out by the injudicious. He is ready for hard work and is bent on securing the means for the best European study. Recently, he and Miss Freeby have been on a western tour, appearing with Olga Nethersole, who writes, "I predict the world's recognition of this California boy's glorious genius."

Attention had been called to the unusual talent of Alfred Wallenstein in the musical department of The Graphic, several months ago. Now that he has been out on an Orpheum tour and has tried his gifts before a public that had no interest in him and no local pride in his ability, and easily interested and held them, by this he has given proof of his possibilities as a public artist. But his aspirations are higher and he is fortunate in having friends who help him keep a high ideal in mind. His great aim is to study, to learn. What a great joy it would be to put in his way the opportunity for this study, by sufficient financial assistance—one of the greatest joys that could come with the possession of ample means. There are those in Los Angeles who have known this kind of joy and have proved themselves true patrons of art—by giving the artistic abilities of others opportunity through their money. But it should be remembered that even when such assistance is given it does not mortgage the artist's future or harness it to the dictation of the donor. The opportunity once given, the young artist must be left to work out his destiny and must have scope for his free will in doing so. He should not be made to feel that his personal affairs and his social life are to be dictated by those who helped him on the artistic road. Occasional and tactfully-presented advice—that is as far as his "angel" should go—for the artist is a sensitive bird, easily disturbed and put to flight.

As is natural and fitting, the Ebell Club is taking much interest in the plans and finances of the symphony orchestra for next season. This club has discussed not only how it may aid in furthering the symphony society objects, but how it may interest other organizations and individuals in the same good work. At a recent meeting, the club was addressed by Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. E. R. Blacker and Messrs. Norman Bridge and James Tabor Fitzgerald, of the board of symphony directors, who set forth the successes of the past season and the plans and hopes for the next. The Ebell Club has a sub-committee on Los Angeles symphony work, I am told, which includes the following prominent club and musical workers: Mrs. W. L. Jones, Mrs. James Warren Holder, Mrs. Frank King, Mrs. E. W. Martindale, Mrs. Reuben Shettler, Mrs. E. S. Rowley, Mrs. W. S. Botsford, Mrs. Harmon Ryus, Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Mrs. G. Thresher. It seems there is a plan on foot to give preliminary lecture recitals or demonstrations of the symphony programs at the club house, next season, one before each symphony program. To these the club members and others will have access, and thus be better prepared for hearing the large works presented by the orchestra under Mr. Tandler.

Mexico's Heroic Struggle for Freedom

FROM that virile history of "The Mexican People: Their Struggle For Freedom," written by Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcomb Pinchon, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., we have taken that chapter, in part, which shows the Mexican people—85 per cent of the population—as the victims of merciless exploitation by the big land owners, comprising in 1910 only about 200 families. The wrongs and indignities suffered at the hands of Porfirio Diaz and his kind are monumental and their recital reveals why the men under Villa, and Gonzales and Zapata are fighting with such tenacity of purpose for a cause in which they must eventually triumph, because they are in the right.

In their chapter entitled "The Dictatorship," the joint authors of the history cited tell in burning language how the plunder of an entire people and their posterity was accomplished, through bond-holding land speculators with the assistance of Diaz. After recounting how the rich valley of Papantla in the state of Vera Cruz was ruthlessly depopulated of its agrarian working folk to turn over to the land speculators, Nueva Leon was the next region to suffer, followed by the state of Chihuahua, which passed from the possession of hundreds of thousands of small farmers into the proprietorship of two or three families under the leadership of one man—today the largest cattle owner in the world. We now quote direct from the book:

"It will be remembered that during the war of intervention Juarez had made a practice of issuing decrees confiscating the immense land holdings of the imperialists and dividing them among the people. Beginning with the year 1885 a number of state legislatures, notably that of Durango, packed with the creatures of Diaz, proceeded to set aside these decrees as a preliminary step to the eviction of the farmers from their land. In every case wholesale despoliation followed. Shorn of their legal titles, harassed by rurales, threatened with United States intervention, the people yielded up their lands and sank into peonage, or, resisting, perished in entire communities.

"In the state of Sonora the Yaqui Indians, a tribe of thirty thousand, had practised for centuries a system of land tenure common to all peoples in the stage of primitive communism. Under this system the land belongs to the community as a whole; one part is set aside for pasture, another for agriculture. The pasture is common to all, with certain restrictions as to the number of head of cattle permitted to any one individual. The agricultural lands are subdivided and distributed into allotments to each family. Every three years these allotments are redistributed, thus giving the due proportion of poor and rich soil to all. Brave, hardy and industrious, and occupying a location offering excellent facilities for defence, the Yaquis from the remotest times had resisted every effort at subjugation, and had retained intact their independence and the integrity of their land system.

"Owing to the general advances of society since the Ayutla revolution, and the resulting improved methods of agriculture, this old system of redistribution of the land had dropped into desuetude among them, and by the year 1880 they had already adopted the system of private ownership in agricultural land, although the traditions of communism still swayed their actions as a collectivity. The Yaqui valley is phenomenally rich, and the Yaquis themselves are the hardest working people in Mexico, two circumstances which excited the cupidity of the land speculators to the utmost. For if rich land is a valuable loot, not less so is

the labor of an exceptionally hard-working peon. Accordingly, hardly had Diaz come into power before the land speculators invoked the combined action of the state and federal governments in an attack upon this territory.

"One day, in 1880, Ramon Corral, the governor of the state, dispatched a posse of some twenty-five mescal-inflamed rurales into the Yaqui valley to raid one of the villages while the men were absent in the fields. When the men returned home in the evening and learned that their homes had been despoiled and their women dishonored, they went in a body to Guaymas to complain to the authorities, and, receiving no redress, proceeded to Hermosillo, the capital of the state, to lay their case before the governor. Unable to obtain aught but insult and threat from the authorities, they returned to their villages with vengeance in their hearts, and when the raids were repeated they flew to arms. This, of course, was exactly what the land speculators desired, and troops were immediately rushed into the valley to suppress the revolt and carry out the wholesale eviction of the farmers from their lands.

"The task, however, proved more difficult than had been anticipated. The Yaquis are a strong race, high-hearted and of great endurance. In the Revolution of Independence, in the war with the United States, in the three years' struggle for the upholding of the constitution, and in the subsequent conflict with the French invader they had proved their patriotism and valor. To this day they venerate the names of Juarez and Lerdo de Tejada, and regard themselves as a part of the Mexican nation, sharing the responsibilities and rights of Mexican citizens. Consequently, when the government troops arrived they found themselves confronted not by a handful of terrified villagers but by an entire population, well armed, accustomed to fighting, and determined to resist eviction from their lands to the last man.

"From that moment began a genuine war between the Yaqui race and the Mexican government which lasted for thirty years. Of course, the government with its well-trained cavalry and modern artillery could have annihilated every Yaqui in Sonora at any time during the campaign. That it refrained from doing so was not due to any policy of mercy on its part, but to the fact that the land speculators needed peons. To exterminate the population was, in this instance, to destroy an invaluable labor supply. There was another cause, moreover, which saved the Yaquis from complete extermination. Ramon Corral, the governor of Sonora, and lately vice-president of Mexico, found the maintenance of the campaign a highly profitable affair, for it provided him with good excuse for levying an enormous war tax for the upkeep of an army of ostensibly fifteen thousand soldiers. Eight thousand of these, however, existed only on paper, and their unclaimed pay and expenses provided a handsome perquisite for himself and his military commanders. In the course of this daily warfare the Yaquis were driven gradually from their lands into the mountains, or were forced into peonage.

"In recent years President Diaz, in conjunction with his nephew, Felix Diaz, and Ramon Corral, the governor of Sonora, conducted a lucrative business in Yaqui slaves. Their method was to round them up with posses of cavalry, ship them like cattle—men, women and children—to Yucatan and there sell them at a price averaging sixty-five dollars apiece to the hennequin planters, admittedly the most brutal class of men in the world. Divorced from their native clime, separated from

their loved ones, subjected to unnamable cruelties, the Yaquis died like flies, so fast, indeed, that the planters calculated on buying a fresh supply every six months. Among the men, those who survived the unhealthy climate and incredible toil succumbed to the rawhide lash; among the women, those who survived the lust of the planters, and the toil of the plantation, were thrown to sate the Chinamen. Thus by 1910 no more than a handful of the noble Yaqui race remained, possibly some five or six thousand, certainly not more.

"These episodes are sufficient to illustrate the nature and methods of the Diaz policy in regard to the agrarian democracy. Were one to make a complete compilation of all such episodes during the years 1877 to 1910, it would fill many volumes and constitute the bloodiest record since the Roman ruling class overthrew the slave revolts of Spartacus and decorated the Appian Way with living torches. Let it be sufficient for our purpose to summarize the outcome of this policy as evidenced in Mexico today.

"As the result of these vast land despoliations the valley of Papantla, which once supported a population of twenty thousand independent farmers, today belongs to one rich family. The entire State of Chihuahua belongs to three families, headed by a man who is reputed the largest single cattle-owner in the world. In the state of Morelos, from which in recent times have sprung the gallant Zapata and his followers, four men, one of them the son-in-law of Diaz, own every inch of agricultural land, and two hundred thousand evicted farmers—now landless peons—till the soil for them at an average wage of 12½ cents a day. The entire Isthmus of Tehuantepec from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean formerly appropriated by Manuel Romero Rubio, Diaz' father-in-law, now belongs to a small group of interests known as the Pearson syndicate, comprising Diaz' wife, three of her sisters, Jose Yves Limantour, treasurer of the late Diaz government, and Lord Cowdrey, formerly known as Mr. Wheatman D. Pearson.

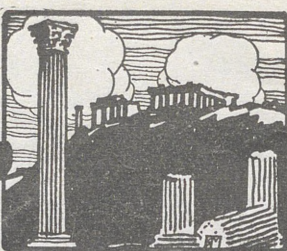
"To obtain undisputed possession of this immense region, fabulously rich in oil, as well as in first-class agricultural lands, a campaign of extermination was carried on, in the course of which whole towns, notably the town of Acayucan, and innumerable villages were completely wiped off the map. Similarly in the state of Puebla the governor, General Musio Martinez, in complicity with a group of land speculators and by the military assistance of Diaz, seized the entire agricultural land of the state, evicting several hundred thousand small farmers and annihilating whole towns and groups of villages in the process. By the same methods of wholesale eviction and slaughter, a single large land corporation has become possessed of all the agricultural lands of Sinaloa. In every state of Mexico the record is the same. By the year 1892 all the great bodies of agricultural land had passed from the possession of more than a million small farmers into the hands of fewer than fifty rich families and corporations of the Diaz clique.

"In spite of these vast despoliations there yet remained, dotted here and there throughout the land, considerable numbers of scattered individual holdings which had escaped the eye of the speculator. To obtain possession of these as quickly as possible and with the least expenditure of effort, the Treasury Department on the 18th of November, 1892, issued a declaration to the effect that all owners of land formerly belonging to the Church

(Continued on page eleven)



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK:
American and European Painters—Museum Gallery of Fine Arts.
Senefelder Club—Museum Gallery of Arts.
Ernest Bruce Nelson—Reynolds Gallery.
Wm. Swift Daniell—Columbia Trust Building.
Society of Miniature Painters—Friday Morning Club.
J. Travers Jones—Ebell Club.
W. E. Sharp—Friday Morning Club.

Once, a great painter had a dream and in it there came a remarkable vision. It was so marked that it influenced the whole trend of his art and he often referred to it as the "master dream of art." He related his dream to many of his colleagues hoping that it might help them in their work in the same way it had aided him, but they shook their heads and merely exclaimed. They went their ways and painted as badly as before and worshipped their ego in the same old way. But the man who had seen the vision painted his new knowledge into his canvas and while the critic may have noted no vast difference there was, withal, a change. Let me tell you what the change was. It was the realization that art is universal and that no painter paints for his own time but belongs to all the world for all time and his art is stone in the structure that was begun centuries ago and will not be completed until the heavens are rolled together as a scroll.

Now, let me tell you the dream. In the vision Art came down from the clouds clothed in shining raiment. She entered all the nations of the world and her feet told them that she had come to claim her children. Then she went about selecting one here and another there until all the artists of the world, past, present and future, were upon her footstool. The remainder of the gathering she dismissed. Then she kissed her children and set her seal upon their foreheads. She then sent them about their work, and as fast as a canvas was painted it was brought to her for inspection. She discarded none of them, nor did she criticize. She set them before her face where all might behold. Then once more she called the nations together. She set her children upon one hand with their work and the people of earth upon the other hand with the result of their labors. Then as by magic the children of Art were gone and in their place stood a fair woman with a wreath upon her brow and the people of earth gave place to a strong young man with clear eyes and in his hands he held a compass and a square. Then Art united these two and sent them out to build a new world. This was the dream the artist dreamed. Need I draw the lesson?

Greatly as I dislike to quote an adage I am often forced to do so in order to set my theme a-spin, for you know, of course, that no cut-and-dried art reviewer would ever think of transgressing the rules of the game by omitting a well turned sentence or two at the head of the column. So when I declare that "it never rains but it pours" you are all at once taken into the secret. You may accuse me of triteness, but you know at a glance that the art season is unusually active and that I am indeed put to it to do justice to all the many and various exhibitions that are being offered. You see that tradition plays an important part in life and that none of us can quite escape it. After a winter season that has been made conspicuous by the absence of general art activities we are

this week confronted by an avalanche of worthy shows. When the Museum Gallery of Fine Arts opened last November, art activities in the downtown district seemed to have come to an abrupt end. All eyes were turned toward the new institution and so constant has been the interest maintained by the museum gallery that the artist and the public were content to absorb what it offered and make no further effort. It did not stand to reason that this state of affairs would continue indefinitely nor was it wise that it should. Our city has passed the age of the village square where all interest centered and we realize that it is not wise to neglect the downtown galleries or to give up the studio shows.

Just what brought things to a crisis at this time may be easily reckoned. As usual, a chain of events created the condition. The coming of Mr. Robert Harshe, assistant chief of fine arts for the exposition in San Francisco, had much to do with starting the ball rolling. The presence in this locality of Mr. C. P. Townsley, director of the Chase Summer School, the Bruce Nelson exhibition at the Reynolds Gallery, the Blanchard Hall studios reception, and the announcement of art activities present and to come at the Gallery of Fine Arts, all tend to bring about an important change. Just now my chief concern is how to handle in a brief, two-column space even one-half of the events of the week. It is out of all reason and I wash my hands of the whole thing and am simply going to enumerate the many features that our local art colony are offering to the picture lovers this week and next.

The first shot was fired when the special exhibition of the Senefelder Club was opened at the Museum Friday of last week. This is one of the finest print shows ever offered on the coast and no one should miss it. Tuesday afternoon the College Woman's Club gave a reception to members at the Gallery of Fine Arts and Rob Wagner spoke on "The Trend of Modern Art and What the Cubists are Trying to Do." Thursday afternoon the Board of the Friday Morning Club held a picnic at Exposition Park and passed a delightful afternoon inspecting the Museum treasures. New canvases by the following well known artists have been added to the collection at the Gallery of Fine Arts: "Sisters" and "Girl in Green" by Henrietta M. Shore, "Autumn" by W. L. Judson, "Vanity" and "Snowclad" by Helena Dunlap, "In Arcadia" by Karl Yens, and "Survival of the Fittest" by Detleff Sammann.

Everyone enjoyed the visit that Mr. Robert Harshe made in Los Angeles. While here he was the man of the hour. He made an address last Thursday week at Pasadena for the Music and Arts Association and talked to the Friday Morning Club the following day. Mr. and Mrs. William Wendt gave a reception to the California Art Club in Mr. Harshe's honor and he was dined and tea'd until he must surely have been glad to escape our hospitality. But now, even the king is dead—long live the king!—for Harshe has departed and the spotlight is turned full upon Ernest Bruce Nelson, the much-discussed and widely-advertised young painter from San Francisco, whom Merick Reynolds has the honor of first introducing in Los Angeles. Nelson's advance notices were so numerous and so lavish that we all felt a trifle dubious, but those of us who have seen the show are shouting loud ho-

sannahs and strewing garlands. Nelson's art is a new note in our western development. It is strong, sincere, and utterly unlike anything that has gone before. Next week I shall have more to say about this young expressionist.

At the Friday Morning Club, Mr. Louis H. Sharp is showing a collection of Arizona studies that are well worth seeing. Mr. Sharp is a good colorist and his compositions are pleasing. At the Ebell Club, Mr. J. Travers Jones has hung a collection of Southern California landscapes and Wm. Lees Judson's exhibit is still open at Steckel's. Both of these painters are worthy our support and consideration.

Max Wieczorek gave a reception and held a private view of three of his late portraits at the Kendis Friday afternoon of last week. These portraits are unquestionably the best that this artist has so far shown and rank high as works of art. The subjects are George Chaffee of Whittier, Mildred, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hayes, and Macine Wieczorek.

The artists' studios in the Blanchard Hall studio building were opened to the general public Saturday afternoon and evening of last week, eighteen of them being on the receiving list. This unique event was a marked success in every way.

The second annual exhibition of the California Society of Miniature Painters opened to the public at the Women's Club House Monday to continue two weeks. Among the best work shown mention may be made of that of Laura M. D. Mitchell, Alice Ludovici, Rosa Hooper, and Mabel Packard.

Esther M. Crawford and Bessie E. Hozen, both of whom were instructors in the art department of the state normal school, are holding an exhibition of their works at the Batty gallery in Pasadena. Miss Crawford shows landscapes in oil and watercolors and Miss Hazen is represented in landscapes in watercolors and monotypes. Both women are capable in their respective lines and we are fortunate in having them on our teaching force.

The many admirers of the work of Wm. Swift Daniell will be glad to know that this ever popular painter is now holding an exhibition of twenty new watercolors at his studio in the Columbia Trust Building in West Third street. This well arranged exhibition will continue two weeks and is open each day from nine to five. Mr. Daniell's exhibits always interest a large number of people and I am glad to note a vast improvement in his work. He paints with a fine feeling for color and the refinement in nature and is one painter who has never deserted the watercolor medium.

Townsley Exhibit in Pasadena By Madge Clover

Again this season is Pasadena fortunate in its privilege of seeing the work of a first-class painter. C. P. Townsley, who has been chosen by the Music and Art Association to organize and direct, upon a broad and liberal basis, a sound School of Art in Pasadena, is exhibiting twenty-four canvases at Throop College this week and over next Sunday. Mr. Townsley is a western man, trained in Paris. He won his way in New York and became associated with William M. Chase in the management of the Shinnecock School of Art on Long Island. The present exhibition shows Mr. Townsley a sane, sincere artist, with a modern spirit but without the spectacular methods of the latest school of claimants to renown.

Although these pictures cover many subjects from still life to portraiture, one would say that Mr. Townsley is preeminently a colorist. "Summer in

the Valley of the Loire" might be a bit of our own sunny California. Banked clouds against a blue sky, green hills flecked with sun and shadow, and three pointed trees—poplars, perhaps?—casting long shadows on a lush yellow green field. Strongly handled, the picture glows with sunshine and color. At either side are small contrasting studies, of Venice, "Morning on the Guidecca," and a bit of Swiss Alps, composed in a masterly way and exquisite in delicacy. "Morning on the Guidecca" has the suggestion of the first movement of the morning breeze upon the water, a little stir that breaks the light into color, yet is scarcely motion. The church in the distance is palely touched by the coming sun.

Perhaps the most exquisite picture of the entire collection is "Freight-boats on the Guidecca," a small canvas with all the charm and art that a picture can carry. A far-away church, shadowed against a sky as palely iridescent as a moonstone, for background, with a string of small boats thrown across the canal that almost fills the canvas. The limpid greenness of the water near the boats, its silvery sheen at a distance where all the light is thrown back, with the gently rocking boats, has the charm of simplicity with a touch of poetry that makes a picture nice to live with. A fine study of light is a picture of the artist's daughter at the piano. Unbroken sunlight streams into the room through a window beyond, touching a couch with gay pillows, a mantel with ornaments and lying in a warm patch on the green wall, with the figure left in shadow.

Also a bit of Riverside Park with Grant's tomb showing in the distance with late afternoon pinks in the sky, and deep shadows under the trees broken by sharp sunshine. Space forbids detailed mention, but the pictures are all interesting and repay study. It is the work of an all-round, capable painter, with a sense of beauty and ease of technique.

As director of an art school he brings a peculiar and rare fitness, having experience in teaching besides being himself master of his art. All too rarely is the opportunity offered in California to see the work of our own American painters, and this week should see many art lovers viewing Mr. Townsley's work.

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Social & Personal

Mrs. J. B. Lippincott has issued invitations for a garden party Monday afternoon, from 5 to 7, at her home on West Adams street, in honor of Mr. Bruce Nelson of Monterey, whose paintings are on exhibit in this city. Assisting in receiving will be Meses. Allan C. Balch, West Hughes, Sumner P. Hunt, Hugh Livingston Macneil, Hancock Banning, Willoughby Rodman, S. A. Sinsabaugh and David McCan, and Messrs. A. T. Rosenheim, Frederick B. Blanchard, and John W. Mitchell.

Mrs. George Goldsmith will preside at a dinner party Monday evening in celebration of the opening of her new home on Kingsley Drive.

Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell of Arapahoe street, Mrs. William P. Jeffries, and Mrs. W. I. Graves, Jr., gave a luncheon of seventy-five covers Thursday afternoon at the California Club. One large table, laid for sixteen, centered the dining room, and about it were scattered smaller tables. Baskets of Cecil Brunner roses and gypsum, tied with different colored tulle, formed the decorations. Assisting as hostesses at the different tables were Mrs. E. P. Clark, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. Wilfred K. Barnard, Mrs. Henry Jensen, Mrs. Jack Somers, Miss Katherine Johnson, and Miss Kate Van Nuys.

Miss Virginia Walsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Walsh, is planning to remain still another week in San Francisco, where she has been visiting for a fortnight.

Mr. Frederick Hicks of New York city arrived in Los Angeles today to join his wife, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Dean Mason. Tomorrow afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Mason are to entertain with an informal tea in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hicks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Mines of Kingsley Drive have returned from a trip to Francisco.

Although they had planned to open their Redondo home about the middle of May, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McCarthy have postponed their migration until the weather grows warmer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. C. Tatum have moved into their new home at 1330 Crenshaw boulevard, and Mrs. Tatum will receive her friends there the first Wednesday of each month.

June 4 has been chosen by Miss Lucile Hellman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hellman of Harvard boulevard, as the date of her marriage to Mr. Alvin Frank. The Rev. Sigmund Hecht will read the service in the B'nai B'rith temple. As her attendants the bride-elect has chosen Mrs. Gus Harris, matron of honor, Miss Elsa Baruch and Miss Marian Adler, maids of honor, and the Misses Alice Schwab, Frances Newmark, Lacey Read and Josephine Goldsmith. Mr. Lawrence Frank is to assist his brother as best man, and the ushers are to be Messrs. Herbert Adler, Paul Lowenthal, L. T. Kingsbaker, Karl Levy, Richard Schuster, and Alfred Meyer, the latter of San Francisco.

Miss Catherine Ball Ridgway, daughter of Mrs. Jane B. Ridgway of Sixth avenue, was married Tuesday evening to Mrs. Charles Thomas Sutton at the family home, the Rev. Mortimer Benton officiating. Roses and ferns decorated the home, and in the living room, where the service was read, there was a canopy of white blossoms, ferns and tulle. The bridal gown was of white silk crepe, quaintly embroidered and with a tunic of crystal. The veil of

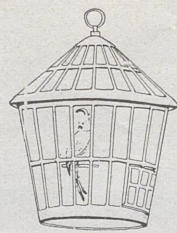
tulle and lace fell to the hem of the train and was caught to the hair with lilies of the valley. The bridal bouquet was of lilies of the valley and white orchids. Miss May Ridgway, who was her sister's maid of honor, wore pink taffeta, and carried an armful of rosebuds and ferns. Mr. George Champney served as best man. After the bridal supper, for which the decorations were Shasta daisies and tulle, Mr. and Mrs. Sutton left for a wedding trip through the northwest. They are to be at home at 1408 Wilton place after their return.

Tuesday afternoon Miss Cass had a dozen girl friends in to play bridge in honor of Miss Eleanor Sutch, one of the bride-elects.

June is justifying its title as "the month of brides," and Los Angeles society will be kept busy attending fashionable weddings and the prenuptial gayeties that precede these delightful occasions. One of the most interesting events will be that which is to unite Miss Isabelle Watson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Staats of Pasadena, to Mr. Stuart O'Melveny, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny of Wilshire boulevard. Miss Watson has chosen June 6, and it will be a twilight wedding at the family home. The bevy of bridesmaids includes the Misses Clara Watson, Theodora Robbins, Helen Staats, Jane Stimson and Dorothy Bailey. Mr. Donald O'Melveny is to serve his brother as best man.

"Charity, sweet charity" is often the excuse for fashionable events at which society disports itself, and, incidentally, helps a good cause along with material donations. The Orphans' Home of Los Angeles will be the beneficiary of the "Evolution of the Dance," which was given Tuesday evening at the Panning ballroom, and the summer vacation planned by the Orphans' Home Auxiliary, formed of a number of girls of the younger set, is an assured thing. A goodly amount was netted by the cigarette girls, for what gallant man could resist the charms of the bevy of maids and matrons in Spanish costume, who vended their wares during the evening? Miss Conchita Sepulveda, Mrs. E. A. McCarthy, Mrs. John G. Mott, Mrs. Walter P. Story and Mrs. Robert Sweeney were the moving spirits of this group. The same program that was given at the recent Amateur Players' ball was rendered, with a slight change in the personnel. The minuet was performed by Miss Fannie McClure, Miss Mary Burnham, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Margaret Hughes, and the Messrs. Carroll Stilson, W. H. Witmer, Horace Boynton and L. B. Jones. Other participants were Miss Amy Busch and Robert Johnson in the gavotte; Miss Helen Newlin and Henry Daly, the polka; Miss Mildred Burnett and Harold Bolster, the polka; Miss Kate Van Nuys, James Page, Miss Marion Winston, Roy Naftzger, Miss Gertrude King and Mr. Gonzales, the lancers; Miss Lucy Lawrence and James Horan, the gallop; Miss Margaret Lantz Daniell, George Reed, the schottische; Miss Lillian Van Dyke and John Rankin, the two-step; Mrs. Ralph Williams and Mr. Brandt, cake walk; Miss Frances Edwards and A. C. McLeish, glide waltz; Mrs. Walter Brunswick and Frederick Gay, glide waltz; Miss Aileen McCarthy and Morgan Adams, one-step; Mrs. Roy Pierce and Frank Gilcrest, hesitation waltz; Miss Elizabeth Wood and Eric Kobbe, tango; Miss Anne Wilshire and Mr. Fox of New York, the maxixe; Mrs. Guy Cochran and Robert Farquhar, futurist-cubist.

Preceding the dancing, Mr. and Mrs.



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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 12, 1914.

021631

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Albert C. Amet, whose post-office address is Box 1373, Ocean Park, California, did, on the 26th day of January, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021631, to purchase the N $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 14, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$200.00; the stone estimated at \$100.00, and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 23rd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, at 10.00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Frank J. Thomas of South Flower street gave a dinner party, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Flint, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William Sharpe, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Bishop, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow and Mrs. James Souter Porter and Mr. Morgan Adams.

Tuesday morning Mr. and Mrs. William L. Stewart and Mr. Lyman Stewart gave a breakfast at the Lyman Stewart home in Lucas avenue for Earl and Lady Grey, Lady Sybil Grey, and Lady Evelyn Jones of England. The table was arranged in the gardens underneath a great oak tree, and masses of yellow blossoms brightened the oval table. Covers were for the guests of honor, Mr. and Mrs. Giles Kellogg, Mr. Lawrence Jones, Mr. Andrew Weir, Mr. J. L. Currie, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Staats, Mr. and Mrs. John Barneson, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Orcutt, Mrs. A. C. Stewart, Mr. O. T. Johnson, and Mr. J. E. Garrigues.

Mrs. Alfred Solano of South Figueroa street has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., for a visit.

Mrs. Boyle Workman of 305 Normandie avenue gave the third of a series of luncheons at her home on Normandie avenue Monday afternoon. White enameled baskets, brimming with scarlet roses, decked the table, and covers were placed for Mrs. Jack Jevne, Mrs. Arthur Braly, Mrs. Fred Hines, Mrs. J. W. Edwards, Mrs. West Hughes, Mrs. Irving Herron, Mrs. C. C. Parker, Mrs. Charles Modini Wood, Mrs. Woods R. Woolwine, Mrs. George Caswell and Mrs. W. T. Johnston.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Phillips of Berkeley Square are to enjoy a trip through Texas and New Mexico.

Mrs. Lawrence Roland Sevier of Park View avenue gave a birthday party Monday for her little daughter, Virginia. After playing games the youngsters were delighted with a birthday

supper laid at small tables, decorated with Cecile Brunner roses and lighted with pink candles.

Miss Blanche Woodhead, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burton Woodhead of Hollywood boulevard, is to be married Wednesday to Mr. Howard Clarence Warren. The ceremony is to take place in the garden of the P. J. Beveridge home, which the Woodheads have taken for the season. Miss Florence Woodhead is to attend her sister, and Mr. Frank Dodd, cousin of the bride, will act as best man.

In honor of Miss Eleanor Sutch, who is to marry Mr. Norman Jack, Mrs. Charles Reynolds of Riverside, gave a luncheon Thursday at the Beverly Hills hotel. This evening Miss Sutch and Mr. Jack are to be the guests of honor at a dinner-dance at the Los Angeles Country club, to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Cleves Harrison, and Monday evening Mrs. William Henry Cline, Jr., is to entertain for them.

Miss Eleanor Banning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, who is home from Berkeley for the spring holidays, was a delightful young hostess at a dinner preceding the "Evolution of the Dance" Tuesday evening.

Among the welcome visitors in Los Angeles is Mrs. Henry W. Jensen, who as Miss Echo Allen was one of the belles of Los Angeles society. Lieutenant Commander Jensen has been ordered to Mexico, and in his absence Mrs. Jensen has come from Bremerton to visit her mother, Mrs. M. H. Allen, who is residing with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wrenn.

Mrs. Ben Goodrich and Mrs. William C. Read gave a bridge luncheon Wednesday at Mrs. Read's home on Thompson street. Fragrant blossoms decorated the tables, and assisting the hostesses were Mrs. Charles D. Clarke, Mrs. Burton E. Green, and Mrs. Roland Bishop. Covers were laid for fifty guests.

Mrs. C. Q. Stanton has returned to her home on Andrews boulevard after a month's absence from the city. Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Stanton and their little daughter will pass the summer months in the Stanton cottage at Hermosa beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning were hosts at an informal luncheon Wednesday, their guests of honor being Earl and Lady Grey, Lady Sybil Grey, Mr. Lawrence Jones and Lady Evelyn Jones, Shasta daisies and ferns decorated the table, where covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Wailes, Miss Eleanor Banning, Mr. Kay Crawford, and Mr. Clifford Judy. The same coterie of English visitors were the special guests of Mr. and Mrs. Banning Tuesday evening at the "Evolution of the Dance."

"Nollekens and His Times," by Wilfred Whitten, which the John Lane Company will bring out this month, presents a two-volume biography of Joseph Nollekens, sculptor and Royal Academician of the eighteenth century, that is full of humorous anecdotes and brings in many celebrated persons of his time.

Walter Lippman, author of "A Preface to Politics," will this week deliver a number of lectures at several New England colleges.

Leopold Graham, translator of Gen. Reyes' "The Two Americas," for ten years edited the largest English newspaper in Buenos Aires.

Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff's dramatic allegory, "Eris," will be published soon by Moffat, Yard & Co.

Dan Beard and Ernest Thompson

Seton have become associate editors of Boys' Life, the organ of the Boy Scouts of America.

Mexico's Heroic Struggle (Continued From Page Eight)

might clear their titles and substantiate their proprietorship by registering their property and by paying a small sum into the national treasury.

"The ruse worked perfectly. Terrified by the wholesale evictions they had witnessed on all sides, the remnants of the small land-owners hastened to register their property and pay the required fee. The government, having acquired a handsome sum in cash, turned over the records thus obtained to the speculators, and in the course of a few months the last of the deluded land-owners had been evicted either by some judicial trickery, or more commonly by simple force of arms.

"By these methods of despoliation the agrarian democracy of Mexico was reduced to the lowest slavery. More than a million families, averaging at least five members to the family, and consequently at least a million small traders, craftsmen dependent upon the custom of these families, a total sum of six million working people, at least, were torn from independent modes of livelihood to become the peons of no more than fifty big land-owning families and corporations.

"Many of these evicted farmers were possessed of so strong a passion for freedom and independent ownership of the land that they went out upon the great areas of undeveloped waterless land coveted by none, and with infinite labor wrought farms anew out of the desert. With nothing but hand-tools they dug wells, irrigated their homesteads, ploughed, harrowed, seeded them, and prepared to enjoy the fruits of their toil. Even here the pitiless eye of the despoiler was upon them. Some petty government official's cupidity would be aroused by the flourishing little farm; some day the rurales would appear—and once more the despoiled family would be turned out upon the desert to starve or sink into peonage. 'Unhappy was the farmer,' says Dr. Lara Pardo, 'who, loving the soil inherited from his forefathers, and suddenly inspired by a spark of modernism, irrigated his heirloom, and by the use of machinery and scientific fertilizers, and by hard and patient effort, succeeded in producing unusual crops and thus attracted the attention of the neighborhood! From that moment he had awakened the rapacity of the jefe politico, or of the military commander, or of the secretary of the governor, or of the curate, or the canon, or archbishop, and they would not rest until they had despoiled him of his property. And if he defended it with the wonderful tenacity with which the native defends his land he would be sent to the barrack, to the ignominious servitude of the prisoner-soldier, or the soldiers would take him from the jail and shoot him in the back on the highway. . . . In the court archives of Mexico there are thousands and thousands of instances of this kind; I have seen many; I know in detail histories of this kind that would fill scores of books—histories of people snatched from their farms by force with the help of the troops, in order that the governor, the military commander, or the foreigner, patronized and sustained by General Diaz, might take possession of their lands.' (Dr. Lara Pardo, "De Porfirio Diaz a Francisco Madero," p. 89.)

"In the foregoing we have briefly described the manner in which Porfirio Diaz destroyed the agrarian democracy of Mexico at the behest of the land speculators and the Church, and degraded the people to peonage. We now propose to recite one or two instances illustrating the manner in which Porfirio Diaz degraded the industrial proletariat to the most abject wage slavery, and illustrating also the ferocity of the exploiters—even in fear of revolt.

"In the year 1907 some forty thousand men, women and children employed of the Orizaba cotton mills, went on a strike for a wage of 75 cents a day for men, 40 cents for women, 30

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cents for children, and a reduction of the working day from sixteen hours to fourteen hours. From the moment the strike was declared the factory superintendent, aided by the petty officials of the company, resorted to provocative tactics in the hope of creating a disturbance, and thus providing an excuse for calling in the soldiery.

"Failing in this, they proceeded to cut off the strikers from the use of the wells, on the pretext that the water belonged to the company. Maddened with thirst, the people forcibly possessed themselves of the water they required. This was considered a sufficient disturbance for the purpose to hand, and the superintendent telegraphed President Diaz stating that a dangerous riot was in progress and requesting the aid of the government.

"Ever prompt to comply with such requests, President Diaz sent a division of no less than fifteen thousand troops into the district. Under special instructions the troops detained at night outside the city and secreted themselves in the factory and dominant positions of the environments.

"In the morning the strikers were surprised to hear the factory bell ringing, and concluded that the company had decided to accept their terms, and was calling them back to work. Accordingly they gathered in a vast throng—men, women and children—before the factory gates. Presently a petty company official, named Garcin, issued from the factory door and proceeded to harangue them in the most insulting fashion, calling the men hungry dogs and the women bawds. The people, all unaware of the presence of the soldiery, and enraged by these insults, endeavored to seize Garcin. The latter immediately fled back into the factory.

"This was the signal agreed upon. In a flash every window of the factory belched fire. Volley after volley was poured into the panic-stricken mass, and the air was filled with the shrieks of women and children, and the groans of strong men piercing the continuous roar of musketry. The strikers fell in droves under the hail of lead, or trampled each other to death in maddened efforts to escape, while, urged on by the mill owners, the troops kept up an unceasing slaughter.

"How many victims were left dead or struggling in their own blood in the factory yards will never be known. Some idea, however, may be gleaned from the fact that two full freight-train loads of dead and wounded were rushed to Vera Cruz under cover of night and there dumped into the bay to be eaten by the sharks which swarm in those waters. The strike was broken

and the shareholders of the cotton mills filled the columns of the subsidized press, both in the United States and Mexico, with encomiums upon the efficiency of the army and the masterly discipline of Porfirio Diaz.

"In 1906 ten thousand miners went out on a strike at Cananea, demanding five pesos (\$2.50 American money) a day, and an eight-hour shift. At first the superintendent of the company agreed to give the increased wage, but refused to reduce the working day. This compromise would have satisfied the strikers, but stringent orders came from President Diaz and the secretary of the interior, Ramon Corral, forbidding the superintendent to make the slightest concession to the miners, pointing out that to do so would be to establish a dangerous precedent and encourage industrial revolt. President Diaz backed up his orders by sending a strong division of troops into the town, and with some slight variation the massacre of Orizaba was repeated. Hundreds of miners were massacred in cold blood upon the streets, and all who were suspected of even a faint sympathy with the strike were sent to the horrors of a Mexican penitentiary. It is worthy of note that at the outbreak of the strike the mine owners sent frenzied appeals for help to the labor union officials of Arizona, declaring that the Mexican strikers were massacring American women and children on the streets of the city! The news sent a thrill of horror throughout the United States, and a volunteer force of three hundred American workingmen immediately crossed the border and marched to Cananea. The report of the massacre was, of course, a pure canard. But it served its purpose—and Diaz' slaughter of the striking miners was greeted with cheers throughout the United States.

"No account of this wholesale enslavement of a free people could be either convincing or complete without some reference to the spiritual blinding to which they were subjected. Diaz, it is true, placed most reliance on brute force as a method of attaining the ends desired by his masters, but these methods would have produced a violent reaction, ending in the complete destruction of his power, had he not first put out the people's eyes by way of precaution. The eyes of the people are free, adequate, and untrammelled education, free assembly, free speech, free press, and free ballot. All of these the people enjoyed to the fullest extent under Juarez and Loredo de Tejada; all of these Diaz destroyed within a few years of his accession to power. The darkness of ignorance for nine tenths of the Mexican nation was what he planned and accomplished.

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

With every advantage of background and environment, the new comedy drama, "Mr. Aladdin," was given its first production at the Majestic theater Sunday evening. It is the work of Thomas H. Ince, of moving picture fame, and W. H. Clifford, and there is much in it to recommend it to public taste. The world-old problem of sowing wild oats is the crux of the problem presented, and while it is spread rather thin over four acts, nevertheless, it is an interesting argument. In

cannot escape consequence. Perhaps, there are defective children, or black pages in his past that keep falling open, or a dozen other things that mean bitterness to a loving woman. It is only the old tale of the double standard of morality—the man may sin, and the woman must pay.

There is too little action in the four acts, and the last is particularly talky. The dialogue is good, expressed with naturalness, and brightly entertaining as a whole. Often the humorous lines are dragged in laboriously, hackneyed arguments too often are presented; but this may all be remedied. Unfor-

her handsomely, as he is tired of the fleshpots of Egypt and the condiments of the great white way, and longs for a peaceful domestic life with Ruth Mowbray, ingenuous daughter of a minister. Ruth is entirely ignorant of Tom's past life, and believes him a sort of Sir Galahad. Ruth has another suitor, an old classmate of Tom, who comes from Arizona with a fortune. He has led an irreproachable life, looking upon Tom's sort of existence with loathing. He scores Tom bitterly for aspiring to the hand of a pure, unsophisticated maiden like Ruth, but Tom declares that he can be a better husband to her, will know how to cherish her more tenderly, because he has sown his wild oats and is ready to settle down. But Ruth is thrown into contact with Tom's ex-mistress. She will not condone his past, and ends by marrying Newton. And then the maelstrom of the bright lights catches Newton. The parasites find he has money, and it is not long until he succumbs to the lure. It all ends in Ruth's leaving Newton, with the unexpressed promise that one day she

a pitch, so that at her big moments she does not quite rise to the climax. She has an undoubted appreciation of the character, and probably can do big things with it. There is one scene, however, in which she fails utterly and that is when she finds that Ruth is Tom's fiancée. A deaf, dumb and blind man could tell that Flora was concerned with Tom's past, and even an ingenuous girl is keen where her lover is concerned. A more subtle picturing of Flora's mental torment would greatly improve the scene. Walter Edwards plays Tom Bryson with the charm of maturity, experience and a musical voice. He is too mature for the role, and a little too inclined to reserve at the critical moments. Arthur L. Jarrett makes an excellent Jim Newton, and the minor roles are acceptably done. Beautiful to look at, Aileen Flaven is an ideal Ruth in appearance. Her voice is very bad, and she has not yet learned the shading of emotionalism. The settings are things of joy. Not even in millionaire's homes are there often found such perfect combinations of decoration and furnishing.

Rich Offering at the Orpheum

There is an embarrassment of riches on the Orpheum boards this week—a whole list of headliners offering as highly varied a program as can be found. David Bispham, whose baritone voice has held a place for him in American hearts these many years, seems only to gain a more mellow charm with the increasing years. It is not good for Mr. Bispham to interpolate his little preachments on the beauty of English, however, particularly as when he sings operatic bits such as Handel's quaint "Where E'er She Walks" the harshness of the language is so apparent. It is only in the peculiarly individual music of the Anglo-Saxon races that the English language really fits. Pagliacci loses the Latin fire when it is couched in the stinging syllables of our tongue. And we want to hear Mr. Bispham sing, not talk—that is, over the footlights. A dancing act which makes Orpheumites sit up in their seats is "Le Rouge et Noir," with Alice Eis and Bert French. Alice Eis is the act, Mr. French excess baggage. Miss Eis wears as few clothes as the police will permit. She is a serpentine creature, electrically alive from her hair to her bare toes, and she writhes with a sinuous grace that is as wonderful as it is repellent. There is too little of her dancing; she would do well to give a more varied program. Theodore Roberts returns in his western playlet, "The Sheriff of Shasta," recognized as one of the Bret Harte stories. Mr. Roberts sadly overplays his role—in fact, most of the company is guilty of this fault. But it is good melodrama, and the house likes it. Hilda Thomas and Lou Hall provide a goodly amount of fun in "The Substitutes," and hold-overs are Kartelli, Johnny and Emma Ray and the Zazell company.

Offerings For Next Week

Robert Hilliard comes to the Mason Opera House Monday night, May 18, for one week only, under the direction of Klaw and Erlanger, in the much discussed detective play, "The Argyle Case." Mr. Hilliard, last seen here in "A Fool There Was," enjoys deserved popularity. He gives distinction to the role of Asche Kayton, a down-to-the-minute detective who solves two crimes, a murder and a counterfeiting scheme. The demonstrations of tell-tale dictographs and finger prints are supplemented by the newest tricks of scientific counterfeiting and scientific detective work. While it is melodrama, it is of a high class, and has been a popular feature in New York. Detective William J. Burns cooperated in authorship with Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins in writing the play. Associated with Mr. Hilliard are Gustav von Seyffertitz, Edwin Holland, J. J. Pierson, W. T. Clark, Bert Walker, Robert Newcombe, Edwin Redding,



ROBERT HILLIARD, IN "THE ARGYLE CASE," AT THE MASON OPERA HOUSE NEXT WEEK

a few words, the question asked and answered in the affirmative by the playwrights is, "Is it better for a man to sow his wild oats before marriage?" There is no hesitation in the authors' solution of this problem; in fact, they are a little too sure of themselves in their working out of destinies. The trouble with the sowing of wild oats is that there must always be a harvest. And whether the sowing comes before or after, it is always the woman who reaps. If her husband has sown his tares in his early youth, he

fortunately, the most interesting character in the piece is lost at the end of the third act. The play would really be more enjoyable written from the viewpoint of the cast-off mistress of the hero.

The first act is a bacchanalian orgy, strongly remindful of the first act of Sapho, with a more "refined" atmosphere. In this is shown Flora, the mistress of Tom Bryson, commonly known as Mr. Aladdin for his mad spending of money. Tom is ridding himself of Flora, after providing for

and Tom will find their happiness together.

The theme is not convincingly presented; there are no sledge hammer arguments, no big, ringing situations. It is good entertainment, however. It does seem impossible, though, that a man who is given such sterling attributes in the first part of the play should so quickly be transformed into the unutterable cad that Newton becomes. As a whole the parts are in capable hands. Florence Malone is inclined to play Flora at a little too high

Ralph Theodore, Olive Oliver, Stella Archer, and a number of others.

"Stop Thief" continues to display the standing room only sign at the Burbank theater, and is proving one of the most popular offerings of the season. It is particularly well adapted to the abilities of the members of the Burbank stock company, and many of the cast are scoring individual successes of unusual proportions. Selma Paley, as Nell Jones, and Forrest Stanley as Jack Doogan, have the leading roles, with good support from the many favorites of the organization. The third week of its run will begin with the Sunday matinee. The Burbank company has in preparation a big production of "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." Miss Paley will have a big chance in the role of Dawn, made famous by Gertrude Elliott. The production will also mark the return of Richard Vivian, long a stock company favorite, to the Los Angeles stock stage.

For its headline feature for the week beginning Monday, May 18, the Orpheum is to have a sensational act entitled "Neptune's Garden of Living Statues." This act requires twenty persons, a carload of material for the immense tank alone, and it embraces diving, swimming, posing, dancing, and pantomime of an unusual and mysterious sort. Carle Casetta and Lillial Lestera do a "Danse Dementia" which is said to exceed the "limit." The act is just as played with a great sensation in New York at the Hippodrome and the Palace. Harry Gilfoil, with his well known characterization of the old roue, "Baron Sands," returns with new material. Ben Deely, who wrote "The Alamo Rag" and other ditties, comes with Marie Wayne in a lively skit, "The New Bell Boy." Nick Hufford and Dell Chain dance, sing, and make merry, and Van Hoven, the "dippy mad magician," tricks his audience farcically. Ruth Reye, known as "the princess of ragtime," is said to have a fetching act. The only two holdovers are Alice Eis and Bert French, in their "Rouge et Noir" dance, and David Bispham, with new songs and ballads.

At the Majestic there will be darkness until "Peg o' My Heart" comes, and at the Morosco there will be a week of darkness until the opening of "A Knight for a Day."

"Classmates," the four reel masterpiece feature which is the attraction that tops Miller's Ninth, Spring and Main Street Theater bill for the remainder of this week including Sunday, is the first picture made by the big Klaw and Erlanger theatrical forces. The fact that this great amusement enterprise has broken into the picture game is a sure sign of the wonderful strides the new art is making. All the resources that are at their command in the way of popular plays, unlimited money, and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of stage properties will enable them to produce plays with a wealth of detail never before given. "Classmates" was a starring vehicle for Robert Edson for several seasons and has been made into a photoplay under the direction of James Kirkwood with an all star cast including Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall. Included on the bill is an Edison comedy and a Bronco Billy picture. Monday's program will include the latest Pathe Weekly which shows actual fighting in the streets of Vera Cruz with one American killed and four wounded right in front of the camera.

Wallis Students Present "Joy"

John Galsworthy's "Joy" was presented last Monday evening at Gamut theater by a group of students of Wallis School of Dramatic Art in a manner that surprised and pleased a large audience, in which were many attracted principally by the fame of the playwright and the fact that this was the first production in the West and second in the United States. It was through the generosity and kindly

interest of Mr. Galsworthy that Wallis students were permitted to stage the play. In a practically all-star cast were Burdell Jacobs as Col. Hope; Jane Lyford as Mrs. Hope, his wife; Lucile Way as Letty, their married daughter; Earl Wakefield Clark as Ernest Blunt, her husband; Marguerite Schweikert as Mrs. Gwyn, their niece, whose husband is in India; Mabelle Genieve Newton as Joy, her daughter; Erle Cawthorne Kenton as Dick Merton, in love with Joy; Charles LeValle as Hon. Maurice Lever, Mrs. Gwyn's admirer and guest of the Hopes; Florencita Kesler as "Peachey," the odd old English governess, and Edna Mae Cooper as Rose, the pretty parlor maid. While the work of the young company in so difficult a dramatic medium was quite evenly balanced, special honors belong to Marguerite Schweikert and Mabelle Genieve Newton, who in the intensely emotional roles of mother and daughter parted by the love of a man, played with a power even beyond the expectations of their warmest admirers. The play is too thoughtful, too full of critical interest for noisy bursts of applause but the audience was most finely appreciative. At the close the entire company was forced to appear at the rise of the curtain. The attractive stage settings also were a cause for congratulations showered upon the young folk, being constructed in part by the members of the cast. John Galsworthy has described "Joy" as a "play upon the letter 'I,'" meaning it would seem that in the words of one of the characters "When it's ourselves it's always a special case." The play is elemental in a fashion, dealing with an intense struggle between the love of the mother for her child as opposed to that for a man other than her husband; with an equally strong appeal by a child for that mother love; then there is the resistance of Joy, because of love of her mother, of the pleadings of Dick, her lover. In the final analysis love for the man in each case triumphs. In ignoring the absent husband is implied a scathing arraignment of loveless marriages of convenience as inhuman and in contravention of laws of nature too strong to defy successfully. So deep has the interest in the play been, both in student body and on the part of the public, that it is possible after a further study of it in the light of Monday evening's experience in presentation the student cast will repeat the performance at a future date. Meanwhile, special permission also having been obtained from Mr. Galsworthy by Miss Pearl Rall, a local newspaper woman at present connected with the school, preparation for a presentation of "Justice," an even more ambitious effort, to be staged June 8, is occupying the student players.

Strong Phalanx of Publicity Men

Announcement cards received this week from Harry Hammond Beall tell of his removal from the Hollingsworth building to the Union Oil, where he will maintain his publicity offices in affiliation with the new Renfrew and Adams Advertising Service. Bert Smith, who for ten years was automobile editor of the Times, is in on the combination, and will specialize on the motor car advertising and publicity, and Don Hurlburt, former head of the art department of the Newitt agency in San Francisco, will be art director of the new association. It is truly a strong phalanx of advertising and publicity workers. Renfrew is a specialist on financial advertising, having had charge of the "Home Builders" work for several years, and also been associated with several savings banks; Adams was formerly advertising manager of Coulter's dry goods store, and has had experience in national advertising as the general factotum of the Hot Point products at Ontario; Hammond Beall is a specialist on promotion publicity, having served an apprenticeship of several years on the staff of local daily papers in every ca-

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER Main Street, Near Sixth.
THIRD WEEK BEGINS SUNDAY MATINEE, MAY 17.
The Burbank Company Will Present Carlyle Moore's Famous Melo-Dramatic Farce,
"Stop Thief"
with the Entire Burbank Company.
Regular Burbank Prices: Nights 25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, 25c and 50c.

Broadway, bet. 6th & 7th. Home 10477. Main 977.
ORPHEUM THEATER THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE
AMERICA'S FINEST THEATER—ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.
Week Beginning Monday, May 18.
NEPTUNE'S GARDEN OF LIVING STATUES
HARRY GILFOIL BEN DEELY & CO.
Baron Sands The New Bell Boy
HUFFORD & CHAIN RUTH ROYE VAN HOVEN
Cullud Parson & Minstrel Princess of Ragtime Mad Magician
DAVID BISPHAM ALICE EIS & BERT FRENCH
The Noted Barytone "Rouge et Noir"
Symphony orchestra concert 2 and 8 p.m. Hearst-Selig World News Views.
Every Night at 8-10-25-50-75c, Boxes \$1; Matinees at 2 Daily, 10-25-50c, Boxes 75c.

MASON OPERA HOUSE Charles Frohman—Klaw & Erlanger, Lessees.
Broadway bet. First and Second streets. W. T. WYATT, Manager.
Beginning Monday, May 18, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday,
KLAW & ERLANGER Present
ROBERT HILLARD
in the Wholesome, Fascinating Detective Play by Harriet Ford, Harvey J. O'Higgins and Detective William J. Burns,
THE ARGYLE CASE
Showing the Dictograph, the Roneophone and the Finger-Print System.
Prices, 50c to \$2. Wednesday Matinee, 50c to \$1.50.

MILLER'S THEATER—Home of the Plate Glass Mirror Screen
Junction of Spring, Ninth and Main
Now showing—Klaw and Erlanger's four reel Masterpiece,
"CLASSMATES"
With Henry Walthall and Miss Blanche Sweet.

capacity from police to politics, and having later put across many notable campaigns; while Smith is probably the best known automobile authority on the coast. Hurlburt achieved fame for his art work on Solano Irrigated Farms in the San Joaquin valley, probably the biggest land selling project ever pulled off in San Francisco. Here's success to the quintette.

What of Zapata?

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Zapata is mentioned as one of the elements to be considered in Mexican mediation. It is the first time, perhaps, that an outlaw chieftain, a brigand who makes no pretension of being anything else, was ever thus honored. Zapata has successfully defied Diaz, Madero and Huerta. He is in no alliance with Villa and Carranza. He was driven into rebellion by the oppression of Diaz, but he made no distinction among subsequent regimes. He is a bloodthirsty and cruel savage, and his absolute possession of the state of Morelos does not entitle him to any official rating. His opposition to Huerta may count in Zapata's favor if a constitutionalist government is finally established. He may be forgiven and pensioned. But it is more than likely that he will continue to fight regardless of any change of regime, and thus make his extermination a necessary step in Mexican pacification. To approach such a man with suggestions of mediation seems almost farcical.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., May 6, 1914.

Orig. 013491. Addn'l 015422. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that James T. L. Harris of Westgate, California, who, on July 3, 1911, made homestead entry, No. 013491, for Lot 5, Sec. 31, Tp. 1 S., R. 18 W., S. B. M., and on April 28, 1912, made additional homestead entry No. 015422, for the N½ NE¼, Section 31, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. M., has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 25th day of June, 1914, at 9 a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: Lewis K. Harris, of Westgate, Cal.; Jacob Horton, of Soldiers' Home, Cal.; Albert Q. Perry, of Westgate, Cal.; Ernest J. Douglas, of Los Angeles, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

Three Books by the Editor

PAUL TRAVERS' ADVENTURES

ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT

GLIMPSSES ACROSS THE SEA

By Samuel Travers Clover

The first tells how an ambitious youth made his way around the world in order better to prepare himself for newspaper work. The second shows how Paul succeeded as a reporter, and the big assignments he covered. He was the last white man to see Sitting Bull, and the only reporter, from start to finish, in the last vigilance party this country is likely to see. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. The third book is a collection of pen sketches, giving a whimsical point of view of generally unnoted data in the more pretentious books of travel. For sale by

Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch Co
252 SOUTH SPRING ST.
C. C. Parker,
220 SOUTH BROADWAY
and Jones' Book Store,
226 WEST FIRST ST.

THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

Books

Curiosity is an indispensable spur to intellectual growth, but it has at the same time the disadvantage of exposing us to deception. The mind after discovering so many wonderful things becomes credulous of unproved wonders till in some, let us say, pathological cases, the mind becomes incapable of distinguishing between fact and fancy. Miracles both canonical and legendary are examples in point. Now, from a belief in the existence of a soul rise all those speculations on the life of the soul after its separation from the body; heaven and purgatory and reincarnation have been constructed and described by the imagination and believed in by millions. But it is only in recent years that these things have been "proved" by the pseudo-scientific investigation of the Society for Psychical Research and kindred but less reputable bodies of "investigators." As Mr. Sludge says:

"All this might be, may be, and with good help of a little lying shall be: so, Sludge lies!" and finds many wide-mouthed followers who can swallow camels without gulping.

Obviously, the confession or witness of the spirits themselves is the most conclusive evidence, and incontrovertible proof rests only on their being called from the vasty deep and questioned. Owen Glendower succeeded in this, and so has many another with his powers of divination. Strange things have been revealed, but it rests with Elsa Barker to divulge the queerest and most unheard of marvels.

Elsa Barker was not a spiritualist, mind you, nor was the venerable lawyer who died in America and controlled Elsa Barker's hand to write the "Letters From a Living Dead Man." This admission in the introduction, of course, makes the letters much more truthful than those from the late W. T. Stead's Julia. And they are stranger. Mr. X, the astral body of the lawyer, writes that he has found out that he can use Elsa Barker's hand without the least danger to either party, and wishes to describe what is happening now that he has "passed out." The spirits are all about us, cold, tenuous, a little pitiable; the young children grow to maturity, and the gray-beards retrogress to the prime of life. They are not by any means the happy harpists of our expectations, but are subject to work, to growth of powers, and to grave temptations at the hands of bad angels who are not segregated but mix with the brightest and are to be distinguished only by the dreadful look in their eyes.

The spirits are blessed with some of the pleasures of our grosser life; they partake of very light refreshments; they may imagine beautiful clothes and wear them; they may take walks and enjoy the scenery of earth if only they do not flit about too fast,—for, be it understood that the astral bodies are moved by the impulse of the will, and until the new spirits learn economy of effort they leap about over distances that seven-league boots would stumble at. The spirits can see only at night, for they, like glow-worms, see by their own efflorescence, and for some occult reason the crude light of day puts them out. They are devoid of a sense of humor, but know the salt bitterness of tears.

There was one who "came out" with his second wife and was much persecuted by his first who had preceded long before; his position was very tragic, especially so because he remembered his first love, a beautiful girl whom he did not marry, and now

in the freedom of the ghost-world he wished to be with her. This is indeed a situation fraught with heavy difficulties. But Mr. X, it is to be hoped, will tell the poor man how to make himself invisible to his two wives. Yes, that can be done, and the unfair treatment of the sex thereby carried over into the next world.

And then there is the tragedy of the girl who came out to meet her lover, but couldn't bear to part from her body. For three days she stood weeping by her bedside till her lover who had held her hand all this time gently but forcibly led her away to a little cottage which he had built with his imagination; "and she entered with him, and it became their home. Sometimes he leaves her for a little while, or she leaves him; for the joy of being together is heightened here, as on the earth, by an occasional separation; but not until she was content and accustomed to the new life did he leave her at all. During the first few days the habit of earthly hunger often held her, and he tried to appease it by giving her the softer substance which we know here. Gradually, she became weaned altogether from the earth and the habits of earth, only going back occasionally in a dream to her father and mother. Do not disregard your dreams about the dead. They always mean something. They do not always mean what the dream would seem to signify; for the door between the two worlds is very narrow, and thoughts are often shaken out of place in passing through. But dreams about the dead mean something. We can reach you in that way."

There is much of practical advice. We are told to drink much water, for water feeds the soul; we must not attend to table rappings, for there are elemental spirits that seek for recognition, gain therefrom power, and often turn on us maliciously. If we concentrate our minds we will carry information from one world to another. That is why the Orientals remember their former incarnations: they try to. And we are wisely informed that "The average college professor is not a being of supreme wisdom whether there or here." Some readers may be glad to know this.

There are incoherencies and sloppiness of style, but that is doubtless due to the narrowness of the door. One would be ashamed to say anything against a book stuffed with such poetic idylls, mystic poetry, and sound advice. One is content to let the reader see for himself. ("Letters From a Living Dead Man." By Elsa Barker. Mitchell Kennerley.) C. K. J.

"The Yellow Angel"

Los Angeles, particularly the housewives who remember with affection and regret the regime of the faithful Chinese cook, will find a reminiscent delight in the pages of Mary Stewart Daggett's story, "The Yellow Angel," illustrated with photographs of the original. Sue Chang is typical of the white-clad Celestial who once presided over the kitchen, keeping it spotless; who concocted strange and wonderful dishes, who followed the family's affairs with an absorbed interest, so affectionate that it never savored of curiosity, and whose devotion to babies, particularly "ill boys," was almost slavish. It is this keynote that strikes the most responsive chord in the heart of the reader who has known the blessing of a good Chinese servant. There are a number of interesting little Chinese tales incorporated in the volume, and



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the local color is especially good. ("The Yellow Angel." By Mary Stewart Daggett. Brown & Howell Co.)

"Adventures of Peter Cottontail"

Uncle Remus' only serious rival is Thornton W. Burgess, whose little stories of the beasts of the forest as gathered in "The Bedtime Story Books" are nursery institutions all over the country. "The Adventures of Peter Cottontail" is the latest exploitation of Peter Rabbit, who is as dear to the hearts of tiny lads and lassies as Jack the Giant Killer and Cinderella. And even the adult finds a sort of shame-faced pleasure in the little tales. ("The Adventures of Peter Cottontail," by Thornton W. Burgess. Little, Brown & Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Will Levington Comfort, himself one of the most conscientious of the American literary craftsmen, contributes the leading article to this month's Craftsman magazine, "The Great Story That Failed." He tells how, in the Philippines, he had fought with fever and dodged hostile natives, to get to Manila with a story for his newspaper of the death of General Lawton, a story into which he had, as he thought, put all the best work he knew. When he returned to New York he found that his story had so little impressed the editor that it had been put on an inside page, a deadly insult to a war correspondent, and upon reading the story himself he admitted that it was so badly done and so far failed to express what he had tried to convey, that it deserved this inglorious fate. With this as his text Mr. Comfort preaches a sermon upon the failure of the dreamer to express adequately his visions, unless he first realizes the necessity, and acquires the capacity for placing his visions in physical form, interpreting the dream in terms of life. He argues that all men are first physical, then mental, then spiritual, and the creation, to be perfect must appeal successively to these three phases of human nature. "We have no right to the ecstasy of conceptions," he says, "if we are unwilling to accept the pangs of nativity." The article is full of meaning for any person who aspires to creative work, an inspiration for artists, an encouragement and a practical one for those who have failed to make the world see their visions as they themselves have cherished them. The magazine as a whole is of its usual high merit, with fascinating garden articles and artistic and valuable suggestions concerning homes which are meant to be lived in.

Sunset Magazine for May strays into the wilds of Nevada with picture and story, showing the "wild west" as a place of wonderful spaces, of bustling finance, big buildings, etc. Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the interior, writes of "Uncle Sam, Contractor and Builder of Western Homes," Rufus

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Steele's article on the California highway is given the poetical title of "The Road to Tomorrow." Walter V. Woehlke sojourns in Canada in "In the Cream of the Wheat Country," Porter Garnett pictures the famous Gillespie home in Montecito in "Stately Homes of California," and E. Alexander Powell's "Auto Birds of Passage" continues on its pleasant way. In fiction Peter B. Kyne has "The Burden of Command," William R. Lighton's serial, "The Man Who Won" is continued, Lucy Stone Terrill has "The Boss's Girl," Sidney Paternoster, "The Quest of the Bee," and Ronald Temple, "The Carbines."

Notes From Bookland

Writing in the current number of The Forum, Michael Monahan betrays a little irritation over the doubt cast upon the Celtic parentage of Lafcadio Hearn by an Englishman, Mr. F. Hadland Davis, in an article that appeared in the March number of the same magazine. Of course, Hearn was Irish, comments the New York Times. There is not the least mystery as to his birth and descent. His father, Charles Hearn, was a surgeon major of King's County, Ireland, who married a Greek wife, with whom he lived in Leucadia, one of the Greek Ionian islands, where their son, Lafcadio, was born, and whence he derived his name. Thus, Lafcadio Hearn was half Celt, half Greek.

In "Progressive Democracy," which the Macmillan Company publishes this week, Herbert Croly analyzes the modern progressive Democratic movement in this country, reconstructs the historical background of progressivism to see what roots it has in American political and economic tradition, and finally endeavors to forecast what may be expected of the movement. Mr. Croly, who is the author also of "The Promise of American Life," has recently announced the plans for a new

magazine, to be established soon in New York, of which he will be the editor.

Now that menacing war focuses popular interest upon the navy, a timely book will be Robert W. Neeser's "Our Many-Sided Navy," which the Yale University Press will soon have ready for publication. The author, who took part in the spring cruise of the Atlantic fleet on board the Kansas and the Wyoming, describes all phases of naval life under the chapter headings The Fleet at Sea, Our Naval Station at Guantanamo Bay, The Organization of the Ship, The Bluejacket's Daily Life, The Battleship as an Educational Institution, The Engineering Competitions, Athletics in the Navy, The Sailor as a Soldier, The Work of the Torpedo Flotillas, Gunnery Training, Target Practice.

That amoebic profession, engineering, has just produced another occupation which Mr. Percy Mackaye has christened "Dramatic Engineering." He explains just what it is in the preface of "St. Louis: A Civic Masque," which Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish next week. Preparations are under way for the public performance of the masque in St. Louis toward the end of May. According to Mr. Mackaye, this new profession will study comprehensively the soul of a city as expressive of its origin, history, present being, and future significance, and interpret it in the concrete form of words and gestures. "St. Louis" will have 7,000 citizens of that city as actors.

A collection of short stories by Jack London, having the title, "The Strength of the Strong," will soon be sent out by the Macmillan Company. Besides the leading story, which gives its title to the book, the volume will contain, "South of the Slot," "The Unparalleled Invasion," "The Enemy of all the World," "The Dream of Debs," "The Sea Farmer," and "Samuel." Due from the same house some time this month also is Herbert Harrison's "A Lad of Kent," a tale of adventure, high spirits, smuggling, and a practical joke of huge dimensions. Mr. Harrison is a young Englishman who makes his debut as a novelist in this story.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish within a week or two a new book by Mary Austin, bearing the somewhat enigmatical title of "Love and the Soul-Maker." It makes a study of the rights and relationships of men and women and interprets mate-love in its relation to modern marriage. It is said to be comparable with Ellen Key's work in the largeness of vision with which it outlines the changes needed to bring the recognized ideals of the world into harmony with the ideals of the highest feminine natures.

About the middle of the month the George H. Doran Company will publish a long new novel by Oliver Onions, entitled "Gray Youth," said to be the most important work this English author has written. At the same time the Doran Company will bring out Mr. Onions' "The Story of Louie," the concluding volume in a trilogy of which the others were "The Debit Account" and "In Accordance with the Evidence."

"Captivating Mary Carstairs," the novel by Henry Sydnor Harrison, which Small, Maynard & Co. published anonymously in February, 1911, just before his "Queed" followed a prelude of highly ingenious advertising, is to be presented by that firm to the public afresh this week with a prefatory note by the author. Owing to the immediate success of "Queed," the other book was virtually retired by its publishers soon after its appearance.

Georges Sorel, the French leader in that philosophic theory which finds practical expression in Syndicalism, is about to be introduced to American readers in an authorized translation of his "Reflections on Violence." It ex-

plains, with many sparkles of sardonic humor, the theory of the general strike and the utility of force and violence in the spread of revolution, and makes an exposition, from the standpoint of syndicalistic philosophy, of the economic changes.

The author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" has written a story about a young Englishwoman who was sick of the monotony of her life, and in her longing for change married a German who carried her to a home so desolate and lonely that she found herself worse off than before. It is called "The Pastor's Wife," and will be published next week by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Romance of Preaching" is the general title of the series of addresses by Rev. C. Silvester Horne under the Lyman Beecher lectureship for 1914 at Yale Divinity School, which the Fleming H. Revell Company will put into book form. Its theme will deal with the power of the preacher in the conduct of the world and his influence upon civilization.

Small, Maynard & Co. have ready for immediate publication "Who's Who in the Theater, 1914," a biographical dictionary of the personnel of the contemporary stage, including actors, managers, dramatists, composers, critics, the data covering the United States, British Empire, France, Germany, and other European countries.

Jackson Gregory, author of "Under Handicap," was a member of the "earthquake class" of the University of California. He has engaged in newspaper work in various cities of the United States, Canada, and Cuba, has tried cow punching in Nevada, and has spent much time in the Imperial Valley of California, which is the scene of his story.

Under the title of "The Great Adventuress," Joseph Turquan and Jules D'Aurias tell the story of Lady Hamilton, with special reference to the revolution in Naples, in which she played so prominent a part. The authors introduce many hitherto unknown letters and documents. The book will be published soon by Brentano's.

Mitchell Kennerley will publish shortly a new novel by Frank Harris entitled "Great Days," a tale of adventures afloat and ashore during the closing years of the eighteenth century. Various historical characters, among them Napoleon and Charles Fox, will appear in its pages.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce a critical and biographical study of "Joseph Conrad," by Richard Curle. The latter, who is himself an author of note, considers from a sympathetic viewpoint Conrad's position in literature, the atmosphere of his stories, his characters, his critics, and the man himself.

The Macmillan Company will shortly publish "The Enlarging Conception of God," by Dr. Herbert Alden Youtz, in which the author faces the problem of maladjustment in theology and points the way to a rehabilitation of religious power.

In "The True Adventures of a Play," which Mitchell Kennerley will bring out the middle of May, Louis Evan Shipman will describe from inside knowledge the vicissitudes connected with the production of a play.

D. Appleton & Co., publishers of Al Jennings' "Beating Back," received many letters from inmates of penal institutions in all parts of the country ordering copies in advance of publication.

The fifth large edition recently made necessary of Joseph Bucklin Bishop's "The Panama Gateway" is only one instance of the universal interest in the story of the Panama Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle's "Modern Dancing" had its second edition within a week of publication.

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SEE AGENTS

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 24, 1914

023018. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that James T. L. Harris, whose post-office address is Westgate, California, did, on the 18th day of March, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 023018, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 19; SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 20; and N $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 29, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at four hundred dollars, the stone at \$200.00, and the land at \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 2nd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 24, 1914.

021600. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Louis Hacker, whose post-office address is Box 1849, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 23rd day of January, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021600, to purchase the S $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, and W $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 13, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at four hundred dollars, the stone at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Stocks & Bonds

If the local stock market did not have Union Oil, and, occasionally, Los Angeles Investment, to fall back upon, it would present a sorry spectacle in the matter of activity at times of late. This week again was a good example of the effects of that pervading dullness which persistently holds sway. Union Oil stock tried to get out of the rut once or twice, but not with any particular success. It must be said in extenuation, however, that the bonds were in rather good call, thirty-two being reported sold in one day. Market operators recognize that since the arrangements have been made to refinance the company, the bondholders' position has been made much more secure than heretofore. Union will probably set about retiring its short-term debentures, as soon as more of the British money is available, and if these are removed, there will remain no load against the company except less than \$6,000,000 five per cent bonds.

The absorbing topic from a news standpoint has been the coming, seeing and conquering of Earl Grey, chairman of the board of the British Union Oil Company, Ltd. The aggressive character of the man and his appearance of being exceedingly well-versed in financial affairs, left no doubt as to his ability to handle the London end of the company's business and to direct the policy here. While in this city, he named a strong board of directors for the British corporation.

Despite the favorable developments, Union Oil stock does not show a tendency to advance, and this has aroused a great deal of comment among market operators, and has given rise to the belief in certain quarters that all is not so smooth as it appears on the surface in the refinancing deal. On the other hand it is worth noting that the stock early in the year discounted by a rather remarkable rise, many of the subsequent favorable happenings. Besides, the failure of the members of the Western Ocean syndicate to meet their May first interest obligation has thrown rather a damper on optimistic sentiment. The failure to pay on the bond coupons by the same token, also needs explanation, which should be forthcoming at an early date, if the atmosphere is to be cleared in regard to the deal for Union.

Low-priced oil issues—United States, Maricopa Northern and National Pacific—have displayed a firm tone this week. Associated and Amalgamated are dull, uninteresting, and steady to slightly stronger.

So far as the general market is concerned, there is little to chronicle. There is an occasional trade in Producers' Transportation, Home Telephone issues, or one of the mining stocks. Bank securities remain practically unchanged. Bonds generally are quiet. Los Angeles Investment this week has been rather in the background and shows little change in price.

Work of starting the wheels to revolve in the new currency system is now proceeding with greater vigor, and the banking fraternity is manifesting marked interest in the undertaking. The coming of better days in the money market is believed to be largely dependent upon the consummation of the work.

Europe is again calling for gold

from this country, and if a large amount is exported, the tendency will be toward tighter money again. Mexico, as a menacing factor, in the financial world, is losing much of its vitality. Otherwise, conditions are about unchanged.

Banks and Banking

J. M. Elliott, president of the First National Bank, J. E. Fishburn, president of the National Bank of California and of the Clearing House Association, and J. A. Graves, vice president of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank, have returned from the conference of bankers in San Francisco regarding the establishment of a regional bank on the Pacific coast. It is thought that the regional bank, which is to be established in San Francisco, will be open by September 1.

Official announcement is made by the treasury department that national banks, members of the new financial system, legally may make loans secured by real estate, provided such real estate security is improved farm land unincumbered by a prior lien. The property must be located in the same federal reserve district as the bank making the loan; the loan must not exceed 50 per cent of the actual value of the property and for a period not longer than five years. Another provision made is that total of such loans by any bank must not exceed one-third of its time deposits and must in no case exceed one-fourth of the capital and surplus of the bank. Comptroller Williams has sent to each national bank a letter setting out the restrictions under which real estate loans may be made and directing that to each note secured by farm land a certificate be attached stating the facts of the transaction by the officers making the loan.

Southern Pacific's Fine March Record
Southern Pacific Company made a remarkable record in March. The Pacific system carried more than 3,000,000 passengers without injury in that month, and of 43,000 employees on that system only one was hurt in a train accident. The company has a record of having operated its entire lines for five years and eight months without a single fatal accident to a passenger resulting from train service.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 8, 1914.

021109. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that William D. McConnell, whose post-office address is 1639 Gower St., Hollywood, California, did, on the 2nd day of December, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021109, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised at \$100.00, the stone at \$50.00 and the land at \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 21st day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Main 2875

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 6, 1914.

011775. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Christ Brandt, of Calabasas, California, who, on November 19, 1910, made homestead entry, No. 011775, for N $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 25, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 23rd day of June, 1914, at 9:00 a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Nine Zannetta Lacro, of Topanga, California; George Crosby Tucker, Charles Edwin Carrell, Perrin Sale Trowbridge, all of Calabasas, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 19, 1914.

021743. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Alexander Galloway, whose post-office address is 1766 W. 25th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021743, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 17, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$220.00, and the land \$180.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of June, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 8th, 1914.

021746. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Cora Etta Henry, whose post-office address is 436 North Belmont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021746, to purchase the Lots 1, 2 and 3, Section 14, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land thereon has been appraised, at \$337.50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of June, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at 10:00 a. m., at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 12, 1914.

020374. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Lynn H. Case, whose post-office address is 1327 3rd St., Santa Monica, California, did on the 24th day of September, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020374, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provision of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



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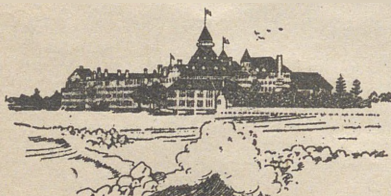
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FIRST NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital Stock, \$1,250,000. Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.
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MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK S. E. Cor. Third and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier. Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.
NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. MCKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

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Books



—“I wanted a Book—

—“A very certain, particularly particular book—that was just a little bit out of the ordinary.

—“So I went to the most Out - of - the - Ordinary big Bookstore that I know and then I went to another—and yet another until I had tried every bookstore in Los Angeles—and I couldn't find one copy of the book—some of the stores didn't even know it had been written, to judge from the way they acted—

—“I gave up in despair—

—“Then I happened in Bullock's one afternoon last week—(I didn't even know they had a bookstore at all). I wanted to drop a letter in the Basement Store Postoffice—(You know they have a Money Order, Parcel Post, and Registered Letter P. O. at Bullock's)—And just as I reached the head of the stairs I turned and looked right into the face of one of the prettiest Bookstores that I have ever seen—I was simply astonished—stopped—and looked a bit—then I thought I would ask for that book I wanted—‘Just for Fun’—so I did—and do you know—in less than a minute—I had it in my possession—I was never more surprised in my life—I guess I must have expressed my feelings very visibly because I noticed a peculiar expression on the face of the salesman—

—“I just had to tell—I had looked everywhere—and found the Book nowhere in

Los Angeles—and I was simply bewildered to discover it at Bullock's.

—“Then I was introduced to the woman who has the destinies of this Bookstore at Bullock's in charge—and of all the wonderful women! Why! I don't believe there can be a single book in the world that she doesn't know about at least—And you should see the collection of Books she has gathered about her—I went with her from one end of this Bookstore to the other—and what a time I did have—You know how I do enjoy Books!

—“The very first thing this wonderful woman did was to open wide the gates of Europe—and through them we went into a veritable continent of Books on Travel—

—“I found the ‘Charm of Italy’ so charming that I wanted to linger, but was curious about the ‘Land of Poland’ and also wanted to sail down ‘The Rhine,’—then I decided to discover what ‘Happened in Egypt,’ Books about every place the least bit interesting she showed me and enough for a year's voyage around the world and back—but when I discovered some delightful little French translations in such charming editions, I concluded to continue our travelogue another time, and see what other treasures I could find. From stall to stall I went, finding such wonderful things in verse, that I became lost in a world of word-music. Then I

found the Drama section which was so complete and up to date that I almost forgot to come back from stageland—But my find of all finds for the complete charm of this wonderful little Bookstore came when I reached the children's section, and not only found the best and most beautiful juvenile books I have ever seen in Los Angeles, but received so many helpful hints and suggestions and learned so many interesting things about the ‘Who, Why and What’ of the people who wrote and illustrated these books, that I was quite inspired, and decided to organize a ‘story hour’ in the home, three evenings each week, and we are simply having the time of our lives, ‘each and all’ from Bobby aged six up, looking forward to the ‘next time.’ I should never have thought of it myself, and I feel so grateful for the idea, in fact all my inspiration grew out of that visit to Bullock's Book Store—and a suggestion that was dropped in the course of conversation.

—“Already we have read the simplified editions of two of Scott's novels—

—“‘The Making Over of Martha’—by Lipman—

—“‘California,’ by MacGroarty—that remarkable Romantic History that every Californian should read—

—“‘Penrod’—by Tarkington—One of the Realist Boys in the world—All Books we bought at Bullock's—We wouldn't miss or give up this Story Hour for anything—Why don't you start one in your home?

—“At any rate don't fail to get in touch with this New Book Store at Bullock's.”

Bullock's
Broadway at Seventh